

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

PART I. *An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, in which the Words are explained in the order of their Natural Affinity independent of Alphabetical Arrangement; and the Signification of each is traced from its Etymology, &c. &c.* By David Booth. London 1822. 4to. pp. 128. R. Hunter.

To illustrate this illustration of a very important undertaking is a task to which we address ourselves with pleasure, having been much delighted with the manner in which the author has treated his subject. Learning, ingenuity, research, and talent, are conspicuous in these pages; and were we not sensible of the higher obligation we owe them for the information which they afford, we should be apt to recommend them to notice on account of their amusing interest and curious combinations. For, as words are the symbols of ideas, it is not only instructive, but exceedingly entertaining, to find those brought together and placed in one light, whose original affinities time and change have so obscured as to suggest no connexion to the cursory observer; and be led to remark, for example, from a very striking analysis, that the *grove*, whose charms we sing, and the *grave*, whose hopelessness we deprecate, are in etymology as in letters so nearly the same. It is indeed impossible to peruse this work without feeling that the investigation of words to their constituent principles actually produces new trains of thought; and, whether by reminding us of what we had forgotten, or by setting etymologies before us in unaccustomed groups, tends greatly to clear our perceptions, exercise our faculties, and enlighten our minds. The author's plan has been to "arrange the words into classes, placing under one head all that are derived from the same root: thus, when the word *MAN* is sufficiently explained, its various compounds follow, such as *manful*, *manly*, *manhood*, *unmanly*, &c. When the fundamental part, or root, is not found in its simple state in the English language, (as in the case of *homicide*, *humanity*, &c. from the Latin *HOMO*.) search is made in other tongues where it is usually discovered. Where this search has been made in vain, the idea expressed by the fundamental syllable is gathered from a comparison of its compounds."

His definitions are, in our opinion, superior to any thing of the kind yet attempted; and as they occupy more space than hitherto allotted to that object, it is proposed to abridge the Dictionary, by classing the more regular English polysyllables (those formed by prepositions and terminations, such as *ad*, *con*, *sub*; *ary*, *ation*, *ment*, &c.) into a Grammar, with their modifications of their primitives, instead of inserting them individually in the body of the work. This we consider to be a marked improvement. Another striking alteration is so clearly defined by Mr. Booth,

that we quote, while we approve of, his description:

"A marked feature in the plan of this Dictionary, and that which will distinguish it from every other that has hitherto appeared, is its perfect freedom from the fetters of Alphabetical arrangement. In consequence of this emancipation, the Author is persuaded that he has been enabled materially to improve his definitions, both as to correctness and to perspicuity, while the ease of consultation will be sufficiently provided for by an Index. By the ordinary arrangement, words that have the most intimate connexion in their nature, or in their etymology, are often separated by hundreds of pages. No subject, however interesting, can be dwelt upon for a moment:—the thread of thought is continually cut asunder by the inexorable battalions of rank and file; and the whole frame of language, which might exhibit no imperfect history of the human mind, is so torn and disjointed that we view it with pain. All is chaos without a ray of creative light:—the lamps of genius are broken into atoms. Who ever read ten successive pages of a Dictionary, without the feeling of lassitude or the approach of sleep? It is not thus that language should be taught; and the Writer will certainly feel mortified at his want of success, if the Reader of the Analytical Dictionary shall not be interested in the perusal, as well as benefited by the consultation."

Sixteen years ago, we are informed, the author published an Introduction to the Analytical Dictionary, of which he has now produced this specimen. The cover says "To be completed in twelve Parts;" and we are sure that any publication executed with the ability of this PART must be very highly valued, and take a distinguished station among the greatest philological labours of any age or country.

Having thus generally spoken our sentiments respecting Mr. Booth's performance, we shall now endeavour to show our readers how his links are wrought together. Beginning with the word *Man*, common to all the Gothic dialects, he is led to *Woman*, *Male*, *Female*, *Wife*, all the derivatives of *homo* and *vir*, *Baron*, *Virtue*, &c. &c. till he comes, *ex. gr.* to *Monkey*, of which it is said:

"We take it for granted that *MONKEY* is a diminutive of *Man*. There are three marked divisions of this tribe of animals, with names that are probably from a similar origin. The Saxon *Ape* was equivalent to our *APE*, and seems to be merely a varied pronunciation of the Gothic *Apa*, a *Man*. *BABOON* is the augmentative of *Babe*, as if we were to say, a *large child*. These different species are commonly distinguished by their size, *Baboons* being, generally, the largest, and *Monkeys* the smallest. They are more accurately known from the *Apes* having no tails, —the *Baboons* having short ones, and the *Monkeys* long. Their moral qualities too are understood to differ; and we have some

derivatives formed upon this hypothesis: To *APE*, is to imitate; an *Ape* is, metaphorically, a clumsy imitator, and *APISHNESS* is mimicry. *APISH* and *APISHLY* are the adjective and adverb. An impertinent coxcomb is, reproachfully, termed a *JACKANAPES*, which, however, would not well apply to a man of large size.—*Monkey* is used, occasionally, without reference to the animal. In that case, like all other diminutives, it expresses either contempt, or endearment, as the speaker feels. It is supposed to be more tricky and wanton than the *Ape*. A foolish fellow, whose manners are similar to those of an *overgrown child*, is sometimes termed a *Baboon*. Writers have occasionally confounded the distinctions here given, as well as the names of the animals themselves; but, were we to follow the mistakes of every author as laws of language, our definitions, by denoting every thing, would cease to have a meaning."

It is then justly observed—

"To imagine a resemblance between one object and another, and to give the name of the parts of the former to the supposed similar parts in the latter, is termed metaphorical language, and it has served materially to abridge the number of the words of every tongue. It is easier to trace resemblances than distinctions. Wit is rapid and Judgment slow. Childhood, whether in individuals or in nations, perceives, in every new object, something that reminds it of what it has formerly seen; and hence the uninterruptedly figurative structure of every language: which strikes us with astonishment in the speech of those who people the remotest regions of the Earth, but which we overlook in the Vocabularies of Europe. We talk, for instance, of the *head* and *body* of a stream, or of an *arm* of the sea, as if there were any similarity between these objects and the human frame."

"But the language of figure, or metaphor, is not confined to the comparison of permanent objects: it is applied to actions, which are fleeting, and even to thoughts, which are never cognizable by the senses:—'The Billows rear their snowy crests, and the Rays of Reason illuminate the mind.' All is illusion. The lettered page is a mimic scene. It is not merely a painting for the eye.—We feel the smooth, or rugged, forms again in our grasp; and we hear anew the whisperings of the zephyrs, or the howlings of the storm."

"It was the principle here stated that led the nations of the North to apply the word *Man* to the shining Empress of the night. It now is, but was not originally, varied in its orthography. The word is substantially the same in the Gothic, Icelandic, Saxon, Danish, and German, and indeed in all the Teutonic tongues. We trace it even in the tales that amused our childhood, and now when we have left the nursery, the *Man* in the *Moon* appears again in the page. In those Gothic languages which still retain the dis-

inctions of gender, the Moon is masculine; and, in the Mythology of Scandinavia, he was the Husband of *Tuiscen*, or the Sun, which, in those languages, is feminine. MOON, therefore, is Man, but it is the *Man of the Heavens*. The compounds MOONBEAM, MOONLIGHT, MOONLESS, and MOONSHINE, are obvious. MOON-EYED is *unable to bear a strong light*. Milton uses MOONED for horned, the appearance of the new moon.

"The Greek MENE, the Moon, has a kindred appearance; and, indeed, a great many words in that language are similar to the Gothic; but the Latin LUNA is derived from a different view of the Moon in the heavens. It is her shape a few days after New Moon, and probably from their verb *laundre*, to bend. In this state she is said to be *horned*. The appearance has also been termed a CRESCENT, from *Cresco*, to grow; because it increases until Full Moon. The Crescent is the symbol of Mahometanism, as the Cross is of Christianity. LUNAR or LUNARY is belonging to the Moon, and SUB-LUNARY is applied to all things under the Moon, or in this World, (which, like her changing phases, perpetually grow and decay;) in opposition to Celestial, or heavenly,—the sphere of the fixed stars, which never change. Sublunary and Celestial are thus, metaphorically, received into the language of Religion."

Pursuing his investigation through many words connected with Man, such as ALMA-NACK, PAPA, PATRICIAN, SIRE, CHILD, &c. and the blundering appellation of "Man Midwife" being incidentally corrected, the author proceeds:

INFANT, from the Latin *infans*, which literally signifies *not speaking*, is an appellation of a young Child; and the period of INFANCY is, in that sense, ended when the child can speak. INFANTILE, or INFANTINE, is the characteristic epithet for such children. INFANTICIDE (child-murder) has been already noticed. But the several periods of life,—Infancy, Childhood and Manhood,—have, independent of their etymology, particular and definite applications from legal Institutions. To these we can only generally advert, it not being our intention to enter, minutely, into the usages of Law. In that science, a child is said to be an Infant as long as it is presumed to be unable to speak for itself in a Court of Justice. This period varies with the point at issue; and every one is, partially, in the state of Infancy until he, or she, attain the age of MANHOOD or WOMANHOOD, which, in this country, is at twenty-one years. This is called the age of MAJORITY. The child becomes MAJOR. He was formerly a MINOR, or in the state of MINORITY. MINOR and MAJOR are Latin words signifying *less* and *greater*; and, in these senses, are applied generally, in English, independent of their use in the Law phrases here mentioned. The Minor part is the lesser part, and the Major part is the greater part of any thing. When there is a question of a number's being divided into two parts, as in decision by votes, the greater part is called the Majority, and the less the Minority. In a secondary sense Major also implies *superiority*; but this, with similar titles of *pride* and *honour*, will be more conveniently explained in an after part of our work. At the age of PUBERTY, which is legally fixed at twelve for females and fourteen for males, the child enters into certain rights, and is liable to certain duties;

but the explanation of all these would require a volume,—they form part of the study of the Laws of the Country.

BABE signifies an Infant without any relation to its legal acceptance. It is a child before it can speak; and, hence, TO BABLE is to speak unintelligibly. Such speech is BABBLE, and the speaker a BABBLER. BABY, if we attend to its formation, should mean a *little Babe*; and, hence, probably a Girl's DOLL is called her BABY rather than her Babe, it being a *small mock Babe*. But the word Babe scarcely admits of a diminutive in real life; and therefore Babe and Baby are, in general usage, synonymous. BARISH, BARISHLY, BARISHNESS, or BABYISM, and BABBLING have been all made use of. BAUBLES, or BAWBLES, are worthless toys,—such as could please none but children. BAWBLING, for worthless, is to be found in old authors.

"The Latin *pupa* was a little girl.—It was also her *baby*. Small images which, by means of strings, wires, or other mechanism, are made to imitate the motions and gestures of men and women, are PUPPETS, and the same name is given to persons whose actions are prompted by others. An exhibition of Puppets is a PUPPETSHOW. When a bitch brings forth young she is said to PUP. The whelp is a PUPPY; and the same word is a term of reproach to an impertinent young man. In the language of the Law, a young person, under Guardianship, is a PUPIL, until the age of Puberty, when the period of PUPILAGE ends. It is in allusion to superintendence that a scholar is called a Pupil. His teacher is his Tutor."

Without detailing the transitions (sometimes a little ad libitum,) by which we arrive at apparently very distinct words, we shall turn to another page:

"The NYMPHS of the ancients (Greek *nympe*, a bride) were female divinities, who inhabited, and presided over, the different divisions of nature. They were always young and beautiful, but their characters were various, corresponding with the elements in which they lived. The NEREIDS, daughters of Nereus, were the SEA-NYMPHS; and were sculptured, by some, as riding upon dolphins, and, by others, as having the head and body of a woman and the tail of a fish. These beings are not confined to classic story. The English MERMAIDS (Saxon *myrr*, the Sea) are equivalent, in every respect, to the NEREIDS. The existence of the latter was seriously believed in by the common people of Greece, as that of the Mermaids still is, by many of the vulgar, in the British Isles. The Sea-nymphs were, otherwise, termed SYRENS, and, by their sweet songs, lured their listeners to destruction. The Mermaids, too, are songsters. They chant the requiem of those bodies that lie buried in the Ocean.

"Other divinities, inhabitants of air, of earth, and of fire, have also been termed Nymphs, and to them we shall, afterwards, have occasion to advert; but those to whom the name has been more especially applied, were rural goddesses,—virgin attendants of Diana, and tutelary deities of mountains, of groves, and of streams. ECHO (Greek, *echos*, a sound) was a Nymph of the mountains. We have adopted the word, distinct

• Booby, from the German *Bube*, a boy, is denied to be a grown-up man with boyish manners. We rather think it implies stupidity.—Ed.

from its mythological origin, to denote the reverberation of a sound,—which, in certain situations, we hear repeated, again and again, as the pulses of air rebound from the rocky caverns or other obstacles with which we are surrounded. To ECHO is to resound,—to repeat the same word, or sound. To RE-ECHO is to return that sound till it reach the ear of the speaker, or the spot from which it first proceeded. The Wood-nymphs were called DRYADS. The Greek *dryas*, as well as the Saxon *traw*, signified a tree in general, and particularly the Oak, which, among various nations, has been held sacred, as the monarch of the woods. The DRUIDS, or priests of the Celtic tribes, are said to have had their name from that tree, because they performed their Rites under its shade. The Saxon Christians called them *dryas*, meaning magicians; and the Erse *druid* has, yet, the same signification. What belongs to their character, but which is now little known, is DRUIDICAL. The Greek DRYADS were immortal, but the HAMADRYADS (*hamas*, together) were each attached to a particular tree, with which they were born, in which they lived, and with which they died. The NAIADS (from the Greek *naos*, I flow) were the Nymphs of fountains, lakes and rivers. The Naiad of the stream is represented as reclining at its source and pouring its waters from her urn."—

(To be concluded in our next.)

Poems by Chauncy Hare Townsend. 12mo. pp. 360. London 1821. Thomas Boys.

A YEAR ought not to have elapsed between the publication of these Poems and our review of them. We do not mean to say that they possess such extraordinary merit as to challenge instant notice on pain of our being found guilty of *Lèse-Majesté* against the throne of Criticism; but as the promising effusions of a young gentleman and a young scholar, they certainly merited more immediate attention. We have added the expression "young scholar" to our remark, because it has always struck us that persons coming under that description were less likely to produce compositions, which, as poems, would excite public hope, than uneducated youths with similar propensities for the Muses. The artisan or rustic are withheld by no considerations; they pour out the overflowings of their fancies, and their very errors and ruggednesses are hailed as proofs of genius. Not so the student, who, equally inexperienced, and little better skilled in the art of clothing his thoughts, attempts his first flight. He is restrained by rules and limits which he feels on his imagination long before he has acquired the power of making them subservient to it; and more being expected from him by the world, his very earliest efforts are tried by a standard rather severe than encouraging. Thus the Poems of Lord George Gordon, a minor, were set down by no less excellent judges than those of the Edinburgh Review, as silly, boyish trash, without one indication of poetical talent; and yet these were the college offerings of a Byron! So may it be that the work now before us shall usher forth another ornament to his country's literature in Chauncy Hare Townsend.

That he is gifted with a decided taste for poetry, and a mind sensible to all those fine impressions in which poetical genius has its being, no one who reads these pages can doubt. At the same time we should have

rejoiced that this conviction had been more obvious, or, in other words, attainable with less labour. Too many of his subjects are trite, unsuceptible of imagery, and worn out beyond the possibility of receiving beauty's gloss to recommend them to popular favour or critical judgment. A selection of the best pieces would have had an infinitely stronger effect; and those which the fondness of parental care has preserved in this published form, would have been quite as happily left to the private circles where their value was more directly felt, and consequently more highly appreciated. Of those pieces which possess a more general interest, several display both invention and power; all are distinguished by elegance, moral feeling, and tenderness. The most poetical and vigorous performance is a dramatic Ode, in which the Passions are introduced as affecting the future destiny of a cradled child. Each of the Passions predicates its ascendancy: we select FEAR and SORROW as examples:—

*Fear*.—By the vague, uncertain dread,  
Of Fancy born, by Anguish bred,  
Which knows not what, or where to fly,  
Worse than worst reality;  
By the pressure of the heart,  
By the poignant thrills that dart  
From that citadel of flame,  
Like lightning, o'er the shivering frame;  
By the busy, restless brain,  
Admonished by the past in vain,  
Which pries into the future still,  
Combining each wild form of ill;  
By th' infernal band, who wave  
Their smoke-stain'd torches o'er the grave;  
By the dread gulf, that yawns below,  
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

*Sorrow*.—By the burning tear, or worse,  
By the blasting, tearless curse;  
By the sigh he still must heave  
Yet ne'er his weary breast relieve;  
By the numbing sense of ill,  
Which shall hang upon him still,  
And heavy on his heart shall press,  
When wak'd to morn's sad consciousness;  
By all the keener pangs of woe,  
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

To these admirable passages we will add  
*Despair*.

Last of the Gorgon train, and worst, I come,  
And lay my icy fingers on his heart,  
Joy withers at the touch, and Grief is dumb,  
Feeling is sear'd, yet will not all depart.  
Unfit to live, yet unprepar'd to die,  
At war with earth, yet not at peace with heaven;  
From all he loathes, endeavouring still to fly,  
Yet back, for ever back, by furies driven;

How shall he gaze around, with madness fraught,  
While pang on pang comes grappling with his soul,

And pray but for one hour's suspended thought,  
But no! still on the waves of misery roll.

Till, sunk in sullen apathy profound,  
Worse than extremity of keenest ill,  
My winding-sheet shall wrap his soul around,  
Not in repose, but winter's deadly chill.

Such peace is mine, such peace will I bestow,  
But other peace he cannot, shall not, know.

*They all unite in chorus.*

Tu done, 'tis done! The web is spun,  
Stamp'd with our curses, black as night,  
O'er its texture, deep, and dun,  
What shall fling a gleam of light?  
Then wide around the chorus throw,  
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

The concluding solace is very fine; it is given in the name of RELIGION:

Ye tyrant Passions, who convulse the soul,  
And all its jarring chords so rudely tear,  
Ye, for awhile, his bosom may control,  
But I at length shall reign triumphant there.

Poor babe, who, thro' thy youth's tumultuous years,  
Shalt, by thy ruthless foes, be thus oppress,  
Come unto me, and I will dry thy tears,  
Come unto me, and I will give thee rest!

Oh, how can Fear thy anxious bosom thrill,  
When all thy wishes point beyond the tomb?  
Oh, how can disappointment blight or chill, (come?)  
When Hope is fix'd where change can never

How can Affection, blighted or betray'd,  
Or Friendship's broken vow have power to move,  
When each wild impulse of thy soul allay'd  
Shall yield to purer, to supreamer love?

Can sullen Grief her empire then renew,  
When Heav'n's glad tidings meet thy ravish'd  
ear, [view,

When Heav'n's bright scenes are bursting on thy  
Say, can'st thou sink a victim to Despair?

From that last enemy 'tis I who give,  
As from thy every foe, a blest release;  
Then from my hand thy destin'd bride receive,  
Whom Death shall wed to thee for ever—Peace!

It appears from the opening poem in the volume, "*Jerusalem*," which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, July 1817, and from the second division, consisting of Poems written between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, (one of them in May 1815) that the author is still but a youthful votary of the Nine; and it gives us pleasure to anticipate, both from his earlier and later works, another name to grace our poetical annals. The foundations on which we build this expectation are laid down in our previous remarks and extracts; and we have only further to adduce some of those parts which may in our opinion be fitly adapted into his temple of fame. Among the Miscellanies is a sweet address to the Setting Sun, in which a pleasing train of ideas is pursued; but we can only quote a few detached verses.

Farewell, farewell! to others give  
The light, thou tak'st from me.  
Farewell, farewell! bid others live  
To joy, or misery.

To distant climes my fancy flies,  
Where now thy kindling beams  
On other woods and wilds arise,  
And shine on other streams.

Perchance, some exile, on the strand,  
Awaits thy coming ray,  
As thou, from his dear native land  
Some tidings could'st convey.

Or, as on ocean's farthest rim,  
Thy wish'd-for dawn appears,  
Still, as it grows less faintly dim,  
The wave-toss'd bark it cheers.

More welcome still thy blessed light  
Gleams on the stranded wreck,  
Where mariners, the live-long night,  
Cling to the shatter'd deck.

Now may'st thou bid fond lovers part,  
Or shine upon their bliss,  
Behold a bythe or breaking heart,  
The first, or latest kiss.

Haply, thy hated beams renew  
The tear, that sleep had dried,  
And mourners, sick'ning at their view,  
Remember who has died.

Shine on in other worlds; but, oh,  
Thou wilt not, canst not, see,  
'Mid all the sons of men, below,  
One being like to me!

Now does thy car descend beneath  
The boundary of our skies,  
And sheds upon the purpled heath  
Its last and deepest dies.

Behind the tall fir's sable trunk  
The half-orb lingers still,  
But now its latest curve is sunk  
Below the dark-blue hill.

I gaze, as if thou wert not gone,  
Or as my gifted eye  
Could follow too where thou art flown,  
And still thy path descry.

To calmer realms thou seem'st to go,  
I would pursue thy flight,  
As if no care, nor pain, nor woe,  
Could track thy steps of light;

Far from the cold, whose looks repel,  
The warm, whose words deceive;  
The cruel, who can wound too well  
Hearts, that too much believe.

Yet shall I live, when thou, oh! Sun,  
With every subject world,  
Thy transitory uses done,  
Shalt be to ruin hurl'd.

Of pieces of similar merit, though of less length in the miscellaneous division, we are tempted to copy three; the first entitled "*Love and Friendship, from the German*," for the originality of the thought; the second and third for their own merits.

Love is like the shadow, seen  
When the sun first lights the skies,  
Stretching then o'er all the green,  
But dwindling, as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow, thrown  
When the day its noon has past,  
Increasing, as life's sun goes down,  
Ev'n 'till it has look'd its last.

To the *Scintless Violet*.  
Deceitful plant, from thee no odours rise,  
Perfume the air, or scent the mossy glade,  
Alcho' thy blossoms wear the modest guise  
Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade.

Yet not like her's, still shunning to be seen,  
And by their fragrant breath, alone, betray'd,  
Veil'd in the vesture of a scantier green,  
To every gazer ere thy flowers display'd.

Thus, Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear,  
Kneel as she kneels, or give as she has given,  
But, ah, no meek retiring worth is there,  
No incense of the heart exhales to heaven!

An *Evening Thought*.  
Reflected in the lake, I love  
To mark the star of Evening glow,  
So tranquil in the heaven above,  
So restless on the wave below.

Thus, heavenly Hope is all serene;  
But earthly Hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

Of the concluding divisions of Mr. Townsend's volume into Songs and Lyrical Pieces, Devotional Pieces, and Sonnets, (together with Waterloo, written for the Chancellor's prize in 1820,) we have not left ourselves space to say much; but lest it should be denounced upon us "no song, no supper," (a social meal of which, the toils of the day being over, and the noisy portion of the world at rest, we are exceedingly fond,) we



shall finish with two pretty specimens of lyrical pathos:

Thou say'st mine eyes have lost the light,  
Which told of youthful joy and peace;  
Oh, when the soul becomes less bright,  
Its outward radiance too will cease!

Yet none, save thou, the change behold;  
It was reserved for thee alone  
That bosom's secrets to unfold,  
Which so responds to all thine own.

Oh, we have read each other's face  
In joy—in grief—in peace—in care—  
'Till not a passion's lightest trace,  
Unseen, could shine, or darken there!

Soothe me no more—I will go weep,  
Nor, with vain visions, absence cheat;  
My burning sorrows lie too deep  
For Fancy's cold and poor deceit.

I am not of the puny tribe,  
Whose wounds can soon or lightly heal,  
I spurn each art—disdain each bribe,  
To be less wretched than I feel.

Let others o'er the portrait hang,  
And speak to one, who cannot hear,  
And still, to mitigate each pang,  
Exclaim—"In soul, I still am near."

Alas, we know we are not nigh!  
Fate, torturing, mocks the baffled will,  
In spite of every art, we try  
To cheat ourselves—'tis absence still.

No comment is needed to point out the particular passages which illustrate the qualities of the author's mind and the bent of his talent. Our extracts cannot, we think, be read without producing the impression, that a bard who writes so sweetly under age, bids fair to delight us still more when his skill is matured and his powers fully developed.

*Journal of an Expedition 1400 Miles up the Orinoco, and 300 up the Arauca, &c.* By J. H. Robinson, late Surgeon in the Patriotic Army. 7 Plates. 8vo. pp. 397. London 1832. Black & Young.

We have of late had many travels into the interior of Venezuela, and we are afraid that Mr. Robinson does not add much to the scientific labours of Humboldt, or the personal adventure of Hippeley. There is still, however, so much of interest attached to the South American chaos, out of which it is presumed new states and nations will emerge, that we shall devote a few columns to the most remarkable features of this journal. The author, who has since fallen a victim to the pestilential climate, draws a frightful picture of the people and of the horrid war which devastated the country. The hardships endured by the marauding bands called armies, and especially by the Europeans who joined them, baffle description; and the scenes of wretchedness and crime presented to us in his narrative, are absolutely appalling to human nature. Every second man appears to be a lawless ruffian, a villain, or a murderer; and it is impossible to conceive any accumulation of misery more desperate than is unfolded in these pages. We are sorry to say that they are but indifferently written, and debased by a sort of military slang; though for this there are but too many excuses to be found in the melancholy situation of our unfortunate countryman.

The voyage out, and reception in America, greatly resemble Colonel Hippeley's ac-

count, and confirm all that gentleman's statements. In passing up the Orinoco to Angostura, Mr. R. mentions a curious fact—

"On the 30th, while warping our vessel along, close by the bush, we observed an immense flock of tarantula spiders of a large size. Several of them crawled up the side of the vessel, and came on deck. It is truly wonderful how a monkey treats these venomous insects. The one we had on board evinced various proofs of its sagacity: it eat any kind of insect offered; but on one of the tarantulas approaching him, he screamed, looked hard at it, and when some one shoved the tarantula nearer him, he sprang from it, and took a rope's end, and beat it from him. This day we also had a visit from some centipedes, which I think among the most disgusting animals I ever saw."

One incident will suffice to show the hospitality with which the Patriots received their friends from England. Arrived at Angostura, Mr. R. was sent to a lodging.

"Into which (says he) I entered one night after dark, and groped about the corners of the balcony, for a hook to hang my hammock upon. I succeeded, barricaded the doors, &c. and went to sleep. Next morning I found, what is very common here, that one of my hammock-hooks had been used as a hook for *scragging* the old Spaniards, for the blood, &c. about it, left no room for doubt."

"I found the back door led into a field, overgrown with weeds and bushes; and wishing to know as much of the immediate neighbourhood as possible, lest I should myself awake some morning with a *hole in my throat* (as I once heard strangely expressed by a Hibernian) I surveyed all the exterior of this house. Hundreds of skulls and other bones lay in the field; and at one spot, close to my back-door, I thought I had got a prize, as a good-looking hammock made its appearance behind a bush. I laid hold of it, but soon let go, on finding it contained the body of some human being about half decayed."

As a contrast to this horrid relation, we copy one of the author's sketches of the Angosturans—

"The people here have various ways of dressing beef; so that a well-furnished table often brings to my recollection a meeting which took place between John Hagart, the Scotch Advocate, and Lord Polkemmet, a Lord of Session. Lord P. usually retired to his country-residence during that part of the year when the court does no business. John H., equally idle, from a similar cause, went to shoot; and happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his Lordship, who politely invited John to take, or as he said *tak* a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted this invitation; and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, veal's head on one side of the soup, and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and roast veal, and veal's brains between the stewed veal and the soup. 'Noo,' says his Lordship, in his own blunt way, 'Mr. H. you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner; but ye'll no wonder when you ken the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. H.; and Miss B. here, my daughter, caters for our table. The way we do is just this:—we kill a *beast* as it were to day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just

gang back again by the other side to where we began.' Lord P.'s method resembles that of dressing the *carne* here, only his Lordship's *beast* might sometimes be a cow, sometimes a calf, and sometimes a sheep, while ours is nothing but *carne*,—beef to breakfast, beef to dinner, beef to supper, and beef to breakfast again."

The voyage up the Arauca is the most interesting part of the volume. The everlasting occurrence of tigers, alligators, centipedes, musquitoes, &c. &c. their habits, their encounters, and the means taken to avoid their injuries, furnish much curious matter. Humboldt notices the division of different kinds of musquitoes into different districts, as it were, separated by precise lines; and our author's experience confirms the fact.

"Here (says he, at one transition) we found a new kind of mosquito, at least it was new to many of us, which was not scared either by our fires or tobacco smoke. Till the 19th we were assailed by these tormentors, not only during the night but the whole of the day; and, for the last five nights, none of us ever attempted to sleep. We watched each other even during the day, and with all our attention, these vermin continued to bite us till we were in one universal blister."

"On the 19th, fatigued for want of rest, when we came to anchor for the night, we were still more dreadfully annoyed by the musquitoes, and I resolved to try a new plan. These insects do not rise high in the air, but are generated and remain near the wet banks of the river. I found a tree in the neighbourhood, which I examined, and found, what is uncommon in this country, no vermin, such as ants, &c. I ascended nearly to its top, with a cord, this I attached firmly to the branches, and then fixed it round me, so that I could not fall, but sit with safety, although not with much comfort. It was, however, with me here as with many in various situations in life:—I could estimate the nature and extent of my pleasures and my difficulties, merely by comparison; and, certainly, although the being tied to the top of a tree as a sleeping place was not very agreeable, it was far preferable to being among swarms of hungry musquitoes, where I had previously lodged. I enjoyed several hours sleep and awoke considerably refreshed."

The motions and condition of the Patriotic force are well and originally described. General Paéz was on one side of the Arauca, and Bolivar (whom Mr. R. accompanied) on the other, skirmishing with the Spaniards. He proceeds,

"I became now a good deal accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and to the wretched and miserable state of their lousy straw hovels; but I could imagine the surprise of one newly imported hither from London, surveying the one in which I now sat. There were three of us now of a mess; and we had just assembled, every one to take his share of trouble in cooking our beef:—one kindling the fire before the door; another washing the flesh, for it is almost always served to us all over sand; while a third is erecting a sort of temporary table to eat our breakfast upon. We were all dressed as common soldiers, and our knapsacks formed our chairs. The Indians were collecting round us, to see us eat, (a custom they are very fond of,) and this I as one should most willingly allow, but these wretches, like the Creoles, cannot sit together without lousing each other."



"Thus we have a scene presented to us every day, at eating time, of at least from eight to sixteen or more, searching each other's heads for vermin; and it is of no use to speak to them, for they think us brutes for objecting to such an ancient custom. All this will appear to a London citizen bad enough, and more than sufficiently disgusting. Indeed so accustomed are they to this sort of amusement, that two or more Indians or Creoles cannot sit together, at any hour of the day, without busily engaging in this employment.

"On the 26th, three of the enemy were surprised on the other side of the river; two killed and one taken prisoner. The prisoner stated, that the Spaniards had six thousand men; and they understood we had one thousand only.

"The same day one man came over, who said he had deserted from the Spaniards, and wished to serve in the Patriot army. He seemed a shrewd fellow, with a cunning black-guard expression about his eye, which rendered him an object of suspicion. He put a number of questions to those about him, respecting our strength, discipline, stores, &c. &c. which induced us to believe that he had been sent over as a spy. Next morning put this matter beyond a doubt; for, this fellow being watched was detected attempting to re-cross the river, when he was seized. On such or similar occasions, there is but little ceremony observed. The fellow was at once marched away to have his head taken off.

"This is a process at which many of the South Americans are extremely expert. The prisoner stands up—sometimes they indulge him by allowing him to kneel, when anon comes a fellow with a sword, and probably with a sear in his mouth, who plants a sweeping cut on the back part of the neck, and this always kills, and not unfrequently entirely separates the head from the body at one blow.

"The principal part of this day was occupied in swimming mules, horses, and oxen across the Arauca, with the intention to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. I do believe the number brought across must have exceeded 30,000. To those unaccustomed to such sights, the crossing of horses, troops, &c. from one to the other side of the river, is curious. The men mount the animals, and generally carry their saddle on their head. After the horse is driven into the river beyond his depth, the man slips off behind, seizes the horse's tail, and partly by swimming with one hand, and partly by the assistance of the horse, he gets to the opposite side.

"A Colonel of some mounted Indians had been galloping about with his naked troops, for two or three days; and I had regularly observed, that the said Colonel had been most regularly drunk from morning till night. The Colonel himself was clothed in an English private infantry's coat and cap, and a pair of coarse linen pantaloons, now docked about half a foot above the knee; while his legs and feet were wholly uncovered.

"His troops were of a very dark, dirty brown colour, with thick, black, lank hair, and carried lances about 14 feet in length, and these are the only instruments, either of attack or defence, which they use. They were painted on various parts of the body and face, every one according to his own taste, generally with stripes or figures of va-

rious kinds, and of a very deep brilliant crimson colour.

"They almost always have pins stuck through their lips; and not unfrequently through their nose; while their ears are pulled down with large heavy ear-rings.

"I advanced to one of these fellows, who was painted most profusely, and touched one part of the crimson paint, which was easily rubbed off. The fellow imagined my face painted also; and he rubbed his finger over my cheek, and looked as if he expected to find his finger coloured. Finding it unstained, however, he advanced again, and I allowed him to rub still harder; but not being able to effect his purpose, he muttered something in his own language, to his painted brethren, when they all set up a sort of howl, which had nothing human in any note of it."

We need hardly add that nothing of importance between the armies followed all these manoeuvres; and we are compelled, instead of a great battle, to present our readers with a native fight between two individuals.

"In passing on to my hut, I had an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, a fight between two of the natives, with knives. They were both dressed in a habit, very commonly worn in this country, viz. a blanket, with a hole cut in its centre, through which they put their head, while the blanket covers their arms, and hangs over the upper part of their body. In these conflicts, they brandish their knives, and run at each other like mad bulls; and on the present occasion I could observe, that the object of both was to stab his opponent about the under part of the belly, which, if effected, the knife is so held that they can cut the wound upward, so as to allow the whole intestines to tumble out. For a long time these two monstrous barbarians cut and thrust at each other with the greatest possible fury; and the wounds they received in their hands, in grasping their opponent's knife, and in their arms, actually covered a great part of their dress with blood. Neither of them were killed; but they both became so much exhausted as scarcely to be able to stand upright. They were at length separated; as I understood, to renew the fight when they had sufficiently recovered."

As it is not our purpose to do more than merely indicate the nature of the volume which has called forth this paper, we shall now take our leave of it, without entering into its military details or its peculiar hardships. It contains as many incidents to interest the mind as the nature of the scene and its companionship admit; and to those who attach importance to the struggle in South America, it will afford a good deal of striking information. There is one remarkable speculation, worthy of attention, as emanating from a medical man who had enjoyed such practical means of observation. Mr. Robinson argues at considerable length, that the climate of America must reduce Europeans and their descendants, both morally and physically, to the state of native Indians; and he thence infers, that the population both in the North and South of that great Continent are and will always be inferior to the natives of Europe.

#### MEMOIRS OF ARTEMI.

Our last left friend Artemi at Salian, on the Caspian shore, in rather a ticklish situation. Playing the spy, he with difficulty escaped the fate of one; but at last by ingeniously

pretending that he had received notice of the advance of the Russian army, got sent off in a happy hurry! Mr. S. continues to starve him, and he draws a whimsical picture of his misery, on the occasion of being sent with some equally starved horses to Baku.

"Owing to the scarcity of fodder, our horses had not fared so well as we had done; they were in consequence in a very weak state, and could not proceed faster than a foot-pace. The ascent soon tired them: we felt a real horror of the muddy road, where we should have to encounter our former labour again, and at last perhaps be obliged to rejoin our army without our horses. Luckily, however, we came in sight of it not far from the village where we had passed the night. Mr. S— seemed astonished at our returning with two horses only, and anxiously inquired after the third. I gave him a circumstantial account of the distress suffered by ourselves and the horses for want of food; but to evade replying he began to scold us for not coming back sooner. "They have not two pounds of flesh on their whole carcass," answered I impatiently; "they have hardly been able to crawl the short distance hither." S— quite lost his temper; his rage burst forth in incoherent words, and he began to load the poor creatures with a portmanteau and some other articles out of his kibitka. I stepped up to him, and pointed to the horses. "Not a pound more, said I, than they have already, or they will not stir from the spot!" He looked with manifest vexation at the horses, as though to reproach them for being incapable of enduring hunger, and likely to die before he could dispose of them. These thoughts were legible on his brow. The upshot was, he took back his things, retained the cart himself, and told me mildly to lead the horses gently to Baku, where he would try to sell them. Several officers having meanwhile come up, witnessed this scene: they said jocosely, they supposed he was determined to send the animals back to their native country, to afford them the gratification of beholding their relatives once more before their approaching dissolution. Their strength was absolutely exhausted: whether I strove with all my might to pull them along, or held rushes to them to entice them forward, they would not stir. To the troops as they passed they furnished a subject of much merriment. Several asked whether I and the horses belonged to one another, and to whom we both belonged. I replied very gravely: "Mr. S— has forbidden me to say that I and the horses belong to him."—"Well then, thou art a good hand at keeping a secret," replied they. Others said, they supposed I was leading the horses to Baku to feast the ravens. "What a simpleton!" cried another; "just throw them down where they are, and the ravens will find them fast enough, I'll warrant."—Entertaining as this might be to them, it was no very pleasant consideration to me, that I was scarcely half-way up the hill when my horses stood stock still, and night drew on apace. One of them seemed absorbed in meditation; he turned up his eyes once more to the sky, lay down quietly, and in a few minutes expired. Knowing S—'s character, I cut off the ears and tail to serve as a certificate of the owner's decease. The other would not advance a step, and I was necessitated to take up my lodging on the hill, and pass the night in the open air exposed to incessant rain. Day had scarcely

dawned before I began to pull the remaining victim up towards the point from which the road again descended, but he too was firmly resolved to serve my master no longer; he laid himself leisurely down, and with his last breath soon gave in his resignation. I provided myself with the same testimonials of his death as I had taken from his fellow-sufferer; but carefully concealed these evidences, wishing first to see how S— would take it. No sooner had I entered the well-known house than I heard the voice of my master, who, according to his custom, or rather his nature, was sounding his own trumpet, and relating to his hosts adventures in which he had never been engaged, without considering that it was but an hour after day-break, and that the people had something else to do than listen to his stories. Several of the Armenians of Baku nevertheless came to see him, and after he had received them I was admitted. As soon as he found that I had returned alone, he loaded me with abuse, called me before all the people a horse-stealer, for to a certainty I must have sold the horses. "Only think what a scoundrel it is!" exclaimed he, turning to the Armenians: "he has robbed me of two capital horses, which I bought in Persia: one of them was a grey, and cost me five hundred rubles; and for the other, a bay, I paid nearly eight hundred." The simple folks believed him, and seemed disposed to join in his invectives. I then begged my master to have a little patience, and showed him before them all the tails and ears. "Here," cried I, "are the ears and tails of your horses. The whole army can bear witness that they were quite exhausted: the one died nearly on the spot where you would have barded him with a fresh load, and the other on the top of the hill; but as to the horses which you bought in Persia, I have never yet set eyes on them."—"What!" cried Mr. S—, "darest thou use such language to me?" and, spitting in my face, went to his own room. I exposed his swaggering to the people and followed him, for I was resolutely bent on quitting his service here, and therefore thought it necessary to exhibit him, especially to our hosts, in his true colours, in order to maintain my place in their good opinion, for I was sensible that I could be far more serviceable to them than he."

Before he accomplishes this desirable object, opportunity conducts him to a remarkable scene near Baku, of which we transcribe his very singular account.

"About the middle of the Passion-week, I perceived a party of fifteen Persians, who, on inquiry, told me that they were going to see the burning ground. One of the number was Murtasa-Kuli-Chan, for whose sake indeed this expedition was undertaken. I was heartily rejoiced at this favourable opportunity of exploring a new curiosity, mounted my horse, and rode along with them. From the town to this spot it was at least twenty wersts, but the fiery appearance was to be seen every night. This burning ground is situated on a hill near a village, opposite to the island of Awascharan, which frequently proves fatal on account of the extensive breakers which stretch out from its shore into the sea; for the mariners who arrive in these parts at night, seeing the fire rising from the earth, steer towards it, and thus many of them perish. Wherever there were pools by the road-side I observed

naphtha on their surface; this substance is collected in all parts of the environs of Baku, and constitutes one of the principal articles of the trade of that town. The burning spot is enclosed with a stone wall, at least a hundred ells in circumference. The Persians residing there showed Murtasa-Kuli-Chan whatever they thought worthy of notice, with all the respect due to the brother of the sovereign of Persia. Within the wall, which was built in ancient times by fire-worshippers, are apartments and likewise cells, in which the inhabitants of the adjacent village reside in winter. In the centre of each of these apartments or cells is a hole, in which a round earthen vessel without bottom, called *tomir*, is set for the purpose of baking bread or cooking victuals. To make a fire, the people scrape away a little of the surface of the earth, set light to it, and it is soon in a blaze. When the *tomir* is heated, they stick the dough in not too large lumps round about it, and in this manner the bread is soon done; or they set a pot on the aperture at the top of this hollow vessel, and thus dress their provisions. To extinguish the fire a little common mould is thrown upon it. In the roofs of these habitations there is always a hole to serve for the admission of light as well as the escape of smoke. The spot on which the fire is constantly burning is not more than four fathoms in circumference. The soil in general is argillaceous and white; the fire issues from it as if blown out by wind, and is merely to be seen on the surface of the soil, the appearance of which is not in the least changed by it. The whole space enclosed by the wall consists of soil susceptible of inflammation, which is kindled and extinguished in the manner already described. The surface, like that of all clayey soils, has many small cracks and clefts, whence an inflammable vapour is continually issuing. The Persians informed us, that if a fire were made in the rooms, and the hole for the exit of the smoke closed, and the door shut, both would be immediately burst open with an explosion resembling that of gunpowder; and an experiment was made in our presence for the satisfaction of Murtasa-Kuli-Chan. In the middle of the enclosure is a well, seven *arschines* in depth, in which was to be seen a little water. The upper part was walled with rough stone, but the mouth is not much more than an *arschine* in length. This was covered with felt, which was nailed on; a stone weighing at least a *pud* was laid on the middle of it, and a lighted brand was dropped underneath it into the water. A rumbling like that of distant thunder was immediately heard at the bottom of the well: it lasted about two minutes, and then projected the stone above the wall surrounding the top of the well. We were shown some Indians, who had just fallen on their knees to pay their adorations to this fire, which they hold sacred. They then fill, as we were told, their leather bottle, called *tusluk*, with the gas which issues from the crevices, and carry it away with them as something peculiarly holy. On reaching their homes they perforate the *tusluk* with some sharp instrument, and apply a light to the very small aperture: the gas issuing from it, which till then was invisible, takes fire and burns till it is all consumed; and herein consists one of their most solemn devotions. To exemplify this, a *tusluk* closely bound up at one end was held with the other over such a crevice. When filled with the

vapour, the end was tied up; it was then pricked with a pin and fire applied to the hole. A small jet of fire immediately burst from the imperceptible hole, and lasted till the gas in the *tusluk* was exhausted.

"This vapour, composed of naphtha and sulphureous particles, is extremely heavy, and we could not endure it above three hours. The people resident here assert, that a hearty man, not accustomed to it, could not abide in it more than two days without running the greatest risk of his life.

"Murtasa-Kuli-Chan returned with his suite to the town, while I remained on the spot, leaving the horse to rest and graze, and did not get back to my quarters before nightfall."

Of an Institution which he here mentions we do not remember to have read elsewhere. He is going about the streets at Baku, hungry, cold, and disconsolate, and adds—

"In one of the houses I heard Persian music, and saw many persons going in and out. I asked, out of curiosity, what place it was, and they told me that it was appropriated to bodily exercises. I went in and observed that every one, on entering, took substances of different weights in both hands, and played with them in cadence with the music till he was quite tired. This exercise is believed to strengthen the nerves and cleanse the blood; besides which each individual is gratified with an opportunity of exhibiting his strength before the others. After staying about an hour in the house, and getting thoroughly warm, I felt the cold the more severely when I was again in the street."

His last concern with Mr. S—, is to importune him for a mantle, which he obtains.

"Mr. S—, at length perceiving that he could not get rid of me either with abuse or with blows, was under the necessity of fetching the mantle, which he delivered to me with a trembling hand, cursing me and my whole race, dead and alive, and heartily wishing me, soul and body, at the devil along with the mantle. To conclude, he strictly enjoined me to return it in three days, or he would complain to the magistrates of the town, and insist on my being expelled the place or thrown into the sea. I promised to comply, and hastened out of his sight lest he should alter his mind and take the mantle from me again. Thus terminated my business with him."

His unquenchable curiosity was now rewarded: he enters the service of Major B— and joyfully describes his new clothing and its consequences.

"The Major (says he) expressed pity for me; told me that S— was long known to be the character I described him, and promised to be as kind to me as he had been illiberal, if I served him as honestly and faithfully as I had served S—; and at the same time fixed my wages at eight rubles in silver. I promised to do my best, on which he ordered his *denstchik* to give me his marching dress: I trembled with joy when I saw two *kurtas* (a close waistcoat with sleeves) of scarlet, and two pair of pantaloons of fine blue cloth, short boots with silver laces, and a small *kaska* (a sort of leather cap) with a feather. I washed off the long-accumulated dirt, trimmed my hair, put on my new clothes, and did not know myself. I felt as if raised from a state of death to life. With a joyful countenance I presented myself in my new apparel to Mr. B—. He noticed

my delight, and was himself highly pleased in having had an opportunity of saving a fellow-creature who was ready to perish. 'I give thee the two suits of clothes,' said he; 'and if thou serve me honestly and faithfully for a month only I will not stop here.' Deeply affected by his kindness, I thanked him and the Armenian, the author of my good fortune, with tears of joy. The first moments I had at my disposal I devoted to the Lord my God, to whom I offered up my thanksgiving for delivering me from my misery. My soul was filled with the purest joy and the most fervent devotion, because he had so speedily confirmed my faith in his providence and mercy. I lay myself down and sleep, and rise again, for the Lord careth for me, said I to myself; I call upon him in the day of my trouble, and he heareth me from his holy mountain."

(To be continued.)

*Scripture Chronology, digested on a New Plan, on the principal Facts of Sacred History; arranged in the Order of Time from the Creation of the World to the Destruction of Jerusalem.* 12mo. pp. 82. G. & W. B. Whittaker, &c.

This is a good little book for schools and young people; not entirely new in its principle, but new as a separate publication, and well calculated to be a chronological guide and manual of Holy Writ. Blair and Mather have been chiefly followed; and the lists of Jewish Kings, Judges, Roman Governors, &c. with the dates of their respective eras, will be found useful both for reference and for the general notion of Hebrew history which a perusal affords. It dwells particularly on the types of our Saviour; and though, we think, it assumes some disputed facts rather decidedly, is altogether a little volume which we can recommend.

*A Lyric Poem on the Death of Napoleon.* From the French of P. Lebrun. 8vo. pp. 16. J. Appleyard.

"He is gone!—  
The sound from St. Helena's rock  
Burst forth with unexpected shock."

(We are shocked.)

"From where high Calpe \* rears his head  
To Borythenes' spacious bed,  
Monarchs started with surprise."

(Monarchs are great men, and ought to have spacious beds.)

"Nations uttered fearful cries,  
Whose echoes shook th' astonished world around,  
Then all was silence, solemn, and profound."

Such is the trump-ery of M. Lebrun's translated *lyric*; which seems not to have recovered from the astonishing echoes of those fearful cries uttered by nations, which the author heard somewhere in his garret. It is not worth a line.

\* Alderman—read this Callipee, and vowed that Frenchmen neither understood good living nor dying, to write such nonsense and spell so badly.—*Note pastim.*

# ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SKETCH.

"In missing some that I may rue!"

Sir Walter Scott's 'Carle, now the King's come.'

THE tide of emigration is now taking its annual course, and Princes, Lords, Commons, are borne rapidly down the current. London, the great emporium of literature, politics, and commerce, is doomed to be desolate for a season. Every hour affords intelligence of some dear departed friend, whose society we must not hope to share for the next two or three months. All are busily engaged either in preparation for their autumnal excursions, or are actually on the wing. On every side you hear the benevolent wishes and valedictions of friends expressed to each other as they ascend the stage-coach, or embark for the steam-packet. Pleasant journeys, or prosperous voyages, are anticipated with all the anxiety natural to beings who are effecting their escape from the corrosive cares of business, and the unwholesome influences of a city atmosphere.

In former times there was no actual necessity for our friends to ramble so far from their homes, since those to whom medicated baths and mineral waters were essential, had only to take an easy jaunt to the different Wells in the vicinity of London. Many of us can recollect Bagnigge Wells, Chad's Wells, Acton Wells, and Islington Spa. But fashion has deprived these of their virtue, and substituted Cheltenham, or Bath, or Tunbridge, or Leamington.

Our old friend *Vetulus* at this moment is probably bathing his pedestals in the sulphur springs of Matlock, and inhaling the pure mountain air. He has been long considered an useless burden. His expectant heir witnesses his annual rejuvenescence with chagrin and disappointment.

The gay and youthful *Papillon* has flown from the dull precincts of the town, to wander amongst perfumed meadows and parterres. Devoid of care, he rambles about and displays his bright colours in the glare of day. Hope and joy expand his wings, and he is seen fluttering with impatience among aromatic plants and flowers.

*Nugulus* is at this season more than ever a trifter. He lounges away his morning on the beach, watching the billows as they chase each other, or marking the retrocession of the tides, without exercising his reflection. He fails not to collect with puerile attention the shells which lie scattered on the sands, far, however, from being competent to dilate on their polish, symmetry, or colour.

*Amanda* writes us word that her present trip is likely to prove beatific. Every eye gazes upon her with admiration as she parades the Steyne, or the libraries. Lovers crowd upon her, and she is likely to become a bride before she returns.—We wish well to *Amanda*, and therefore caution her to beware how "she unmasks her beauty to the sun."

*Locuples* has availed himself of that opportunity which the prorogation of Parliament confers on every country gentleman

anxious to revisit his constituents, and to satisfy them, if possible, that no venal principles nor complaisance to the minister ever influenced his vote. He reviews his paternal estates, regulates his rent-roll, and audits his accounts. The quarter-sessions and sports of the chase supply alternate amusement. He rigidly preserves the characteristics of the old English Squire; rewards and encourages the neighbouring peasantry; and exercises that same benevolence and hospitality for which the possessors of his hereditary seat have ever been distinguished.

*Lilia*, the gentle *Lilia*, joins in the general desertion, and seeks a kinder sky.—The roses of health have long since fled her cheek; she droops the head as a flower untimely cut asunder at the root; and the untold secret is imperceptibly wasting away her prime. Sweet innocent! may the surrounding landscape once more excite joy in thee! may balmy zephyrs restore thy wasted spirits!

Not many days have passed since *Dellius*, the pride of courts, withdrew from the cares of office, and courted sweet retirement. As he approached the lofty avenue of elms that led to his villa, he was irresistibly led to contrast their peaceful shades with the noise and bustle of the town. It was towards evening when the last rays of the declining sun rested on the unruffled bosom of the lake that skirted his wide domain. The calm aspect of the firmament helped to compose his thoughts, and the breath of the soft breeze insidiously stole over his imagination with promises of returning peace and happiness. He was heard feelingly to lament the exhausted condition of his mind and body: Business and I must part," said he; "the perplexities of office are too much for me: I cannot longer endure them." But leisure served only to afford scope for reflection, and reflection poisoned the hours of solitude. The mind that had been so long the seat of conflicting passions could find no alleviation of its frenzy. Oppressed with the weight of an arduous administration, he at length fell from his high estate, to rise no more! Thus is the drifted avalanche borne headlong by the tempest, and falls beneath its own incumbent weight.

Such was thine untimely doom, ill-fated LONDONER! Already have the mournful tides reeled thy Royal Master! In Holyrood the feast is broken up, and the sounds of mirth have died away. "The Carline voice," that should have shouted joy, is hushed to sadness. The "crest of fire" burns dim on ARTHUR'S SEAT, and notes of lamentation are heard in the shades of DALMENY!

## NORWAY.—(Concluded.)

About this time the storm abated, and the farmer's son, a fine lad between 10 and 11 years old, having seen me the night before attempting to use snow-skates, offered to teach me how to manage them. We ascended a small hill, where he fastened on his shoes, and glided down like lightning: in attempting to follow, I was thrown down several



times; but after an hour's practice I could move along tolerably well, where the snow was level. A man now joined us, who had formerly been in a regiment called Shear-leapers, who in winter always use snow-shoes. To oblige me, he went through his exercise on them: the manner and small space he occupied in turning (which is certainly the greatest difficulty in using sheas) was astonishing: he afterwards went to the top of an eminence, in the side of which was a perpendicular fall of 7 feet; over this he glided, pitched upon the snow beneath, and continued his rapid course to the lake below. Notwithstanding my landlord's prophecy to the contrary, two Fins, with as many sledges and deer, now arrived. I lost no time in preparing to accompany them: in a few minutes I was seated in one of the sledges (here called chariots, as skin was spread below and another covered me); I was then laced in so tight as to prevent all danger of falling, or indeed getting out. My interpreter, with the necessary spirituous supplies, and some bread and milk for the sick man, occupied the other. I supposed we were now ready to start, but I found our coachmen (like their brethren in all countries) could not set out until they had taken their morning's dram; this being complied with, the deer were attached to the sledges, on to which sprang our drivers, seating themselves astride our legs; the signal was given, and off we went at a full gallop, notwithstanding the first part of our road was up a very steep ascent. On arriving at the top we halted a few moments; the poor animals panted much, and eat a great quantity of snow. We had now a declivity of about a quarter of a mile, down which the deer rushed with great impetuosity; the surface of the snow was very uneven, and in places where drifts had accumulated we passed over perpendicular descents of from 3 to 4 feet, but this did not in the least incommode either deer or driver. With the exception of the slope above mentioned, the route we followed was up a regular ascent of full three miles, which we performed in 25 minutes. On my arrival I took a survey of what I must call a Fin town (it being as large a collection of houses as are commonly erected in one place by this wandering people); it consisted of four huts similar to the one I have already described, situated in two small hollows on the side of the mighty mountain Veigan, whose snow-covered top was seen far above mingling with the clouds. Each coy had one or more store-houses attached to it; these were now decorated with the joints of several deer just slaughtered, and made almost as fine a show as our butchers' shops at Christmas. But by far the most beautiful and interesting sight was the deer, upwards of 1500 in number, many of them retaining their large horns, which add so much to their appearance, others decorated with bells, for in a flock of this extent it is necessary to have many captains or leaders. I was somewhat surprised to find (though certainly proper) that they were principally females who bore the bell. The women in their fine calf pelisses, and quite clean, (this you will be surprised at, but it is no less true) were walking amongst the herd, and added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. I must here remark (several ladies in London having said they were sure Caren's pelisse was made after an English pattern, and that a fashionable one) that these were in quite as good a style, and made, in my opinion, far

from an inelegant appearance. Having for sometime contemplated with great pleasure the objects which surrounded me, I attempted to make a bargain for some of the deer, but none of the Fins would undertake to deliver them at Drontheim or even Roraas; and indeed few seemed inclined to part with them: the greatest number I could get from one person was five. When I told them 50 was the smallest number I would purchase, they said it was impossible to sell so many poor creatures, but advised me to speak to a man whose coy I had not yet visited. I desired he might be fetched, but was informed if I had any thing to propose I must go to him. With this I immediately complied. On my arriving at his hut, I found my lord reclining between a couple of deer-skins; when I entered he scarce moved, pointed out a place for me to squat down on, and played the great man admirably. Here I was not more fortunate; he owned he had a number of deer, but would not sell any; and the price demanded by those who were willing to dispose of a few was so exorbitant, that I determined to return to Roraas as speedily as possible, and go from thence to the Swedish Fins, who were richer (that is to say) had more deer, and would more willingly part with them.

I found the women, generally speaking, like Caren, much cleverer than their husbands; they were the orators on all occasions. This you will perhaps say is not wonderful, but to do them justice I must say they spoke with much more sense than their spouses. Whilst the sledges I had engaged to take me back again were preparing, I was invited by a young man, from whom I had bought some calf-skins, to eat some rein-stalk, which he cooked by first cutting it into small pieces, then mixing with it some fat looking like suet but much whiter; he placed it over the fire in an iron pot; all the time it was cooking he constantly stirred and pressed it: though too much dressed, it was very good; perhaps the keen frosty mountain air had given me the best of all sauce to it. He afterwards placed a cheese near the fire in order to thaw it; being very fat it soon melted; the soft part we scraped off, and then placed it to the fire until more was thawed. We had likewise a beverage, of an acid taste, which had the appearance of meal and water, but I could not learn of what it was composed. The persons who were to accompany me prepared themselves for their journey by putting on their mudds, wrapping up their legs and stuffing dry hay into their shoes. This hay in no way resembles ours, but is soft and long, like fine hemp. After considerable delay, we set out, accompanied by three other sledges, and travelled at great speed, until we came to Northveigan, where we were detained until near dark. I must not forget to mention a beautiful appearance assumed by the mountain from whose side we had just descended. The sun was near setting, the grey tint of evening had spread over every other hill, but his last rays still rested on the top of the mighty Veigan, which appeared as if a body of lava were rushing down its side: this singular effect lasted but a short time; it gradually grew less, and in a few moments "twas gone, and all was grey."

When we again set forward we did not take the same route by which I had first arrived at Northveigan, but struck into the woods in a north-east direction; by doing this we saved full two miles. This track is only

passable by means of the deer or snow-skates, a man without one or other of these could not proceed, and a horse would certainly perish. The snow in many places was very soft, the deer frequently up to their middles; once or twice they fell, but, instantly springing to their feet, extricated themselves and the sledge, without the driver having to dismount. The exertions of a deer on such occasions is truly surprising; a horse in a similar situation would, by his efforts, only work himself deeper into the snow, and without assistance would inevitably be lost. From the circumstances I have mentioned, you will readily suppose we did not travel at a great speed. We had occasional falls of sleet and hail, and though the moon was near full, the night became very cloudy, and so dark that any marks which might have served to direct us were undiscernible. How our guides pursued their route in a proper direction, I cannot conceive. After proceeding onwards full three hours, I could not help enquiring anxiously about the main road. I was informed it was still at some distance, and another hour elapsed before we reached it. Here we stopped to rest the deer; they instantly commenced eating the snow, then scraping it away with their feet in order to get at the moss beneath; this they did with their front feet, not with that part of the horn growing over the nose, called a scraper, and supplied (according to the accounts of some persons) by all-bountiful Nature for that purpose. When I mentioned its supposed use to the Fins, they laughed most heartily, and told me when it grew large (the only time it could be useful) they were frequently obliged to cut it off, as it prevented the animal from feeding. It is certainly bad to get into custom of contradicting any body, but Reignard having made a mistake respecting the cracking noise made by the joints or hoofs of the deer, I take the liberty of correcting it: he says this noise may be heard almost as far as the deer can be seen. I was well aware that the noise made by the deer in our possession could not be discovered when at more than ten yards distance from the animal, but thought, when a large deer used violent exertion, as in drawing a sledge, the sound would be much louder. This was the case to a certain extent, but I am sure thirty yards is as far as any body could be sensible of it. Examining into the truth of the above circumstance occupied my attention during the time we had been travelling from Northveigan; I had therefore, from the badness of the road and consequent struggles of the deer, every opportunity of judging correctly. On the same gentleman's travelling in a sledge in the month of August, I shall make no remark; instead of it, I must seat myself in my own, for by this time our guides having swallowed a couple of glasses of brandy each, and the deer being somewhat refreshed, we again set forward, and continued moving at a slow pace until we arrived at a farm-house, a little more than two miles from Roraas. Near as we were to the end of our journey, the Fin gentry found it absolutely necessary to stop; they said the deer would get much better moss here than in the town. Without any sort of ceremony, the family was roused from their beds, ordered to get a fire, and cook some milk, which was complied with instantly. The farmers, I assure you, treated their Fin visitors with the greatest respect, but whether from fear or regard I could

not determine. I soon found it was not the goodness of the moss detained us here, but a design formed against about a quart of brandy still remaining in the small keg. In this scheme I disappointed them, by giving orders to my Interpreter not to allow them a drop. After in vain attempting to persuade me to let them have it, they were obliged to continue, and, I am happy to say, concluded the journey without it. When I arrived at Roraas, my knees felt as if dislocated, by the person who drove me sitting on them; but they were put to rights by a few hours rest. From the enquiries I made this morning, I have every reason to believe my late disappointment will prove an advantage; my landlord, who is one of the first merchants here, assures me I shall be able to get as many deer as I wish in Sweden at about half the price asked at Northveigan. He sets out for that country in about an hour; as I intend accompanying him, I must bring my long over-grown letter to a close by subscribing myself, &c. &c. &c.

[The following Song was written by a young Lady for the Laplanders when in Piccadilly; having omitted it at the time, we add it as a variety here.]

## SONG.

The meteor's flash will pour its ray  
When blackest clouds surround it,  
The Deer will track his doubtful way  
Tho' the wild snows confound it.

So love will shed its sweetest light  
When shades are gathering o'er it,  
And love will find a way for fight  
With Alps of ice before it.

Thy Karine's smile will be  
The light that ne'er will leave thee;  
The heart still true to thee  
When other hearts deceive thee.

The shades that hang upon our love  
Will make it but the fonder;  
Whatever sky may lour above,  
With thee, Karine will wander.

That love has been from earliest youth;  
Can we its influence banish?  
With hope to guide, with hearts of truth,  
The fears we dread will vanish.

Thy Karine trusts to thee,  
From thee she will not sever:  
Love, like the deep blue sea,  
Will flow, and flow for ever!

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Prussian naturalists Dr. Ehrenberg and Dr. Hemprich, on their travels in the north of Africa, happily arrived on the 15th of February at the celebrated city of Dongola, the capital of Nubia. Previously in the years 1820 and 1821 they had sent ten chests and four casks, with subjects of natural history, to the royal museum at Berlin. We may expect still more ample collections from the exertions of such able observers in those countries.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Advertisements which have appeared in our late Numbers, have made the public acquainted with the outline of this new

Institution for promoting the study of Music as a science, and cultivating native talent in this universally delighting branch of the Fine Arts. Without meaning to detract from the merits of any of our best living composers, or from the fame of some who have preceded them, we are free to say that England has no cause to be vain of her character in the Musical world. Scotland and Ireland boast their peculiar melodies; while England, so far from having aught like a School, in the higher sense of the term, can hardly point to a beautiful air, ancient or modern, and pronounce it to be her's. We are aware of the exceptions to this view of the question; but consider that on a grand national scale they amount to nothing.

We rejoice, therefore, to see an effort making to improve the taste of the country in this respect, and raise up an Academy of Music, calculated at the same time to elevate the profession and gratify the public feeling. It is one of the qualities of Music to afford pleasure to every class of a people, and to minds of every possible variety. It is enjoyed in different ways by the ploughman, the mechanic, the citizen, and the refined amateur; and there is no art more susceptible of cultivation, so as to exalt, as well as sooth and purify our natures. Justly does the bard of Avon pronounce his glorious eulogy:

Therefore, the Poet [floods;  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But Music for the time doth change his nature:  
The man who hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.—

But in truth there is no human creature over whom Music does not exercise some power; it can excite courage in the timid, and allay rage in the furious; it can alleviate the pangs of grief, and even calm the pulses of agony; what is rugged it smooths; what is stern it melts; and with all the softer sentiments of the heart, with sorrow, joy, generosity, forgiveness, charity, hope, love, devotion, it is in perfect unison, the handmaid, the companion, or the ministering angel. To make us a more musical, is therefore, in fact, to make us a happier and a better people; and every wellwisher to his country will be pleased to see this delicious test of superior civilization take its rank with the sister Arts of Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, in Great Britain. At present we rarely meet with a production above the mediocre score of an indifferent opera; and the sum total of our musical pretensions never extends beyond a ballad or a bravura.

The Royal Academy of Music is forming upon an admirable model, namely, that of the British Institution, which has done so much for native Artists in the School of Painting. It is expected to open on the 1st of January 1823; and a building is to be provided for the reception of the students, consisting of forty males and forty

females, exclusive of extra students, who are not to receive maintenance and lodging like those upon the establishment, though they will be entitled to all the other advantages of tuition. The course of study is (after religious and moral instruction) to embrace the English and Italian languages, writing, arithmetic, and music, particularly the art of singing; playing the piano-forte and the organ, and acquiring the principles of harmony and composition.

Every year one or more public concerts (preceded by public rehearsals) are to be given; at which the students, sufficiently advanced, will appear. The profits will go to the benefit of the Institution, except when students are retiring from the Academy, in which case a portion will be divided among them by the Sub-Committee, to assist in settling them comfortably in life.

We have only to mention, in addition to the statements in the advertisements, that about twenty ladies of high rank have voluntarily undertaken the office of superintending visitors for the female part of the Establishment, to take care that propriety of conduct and the regulations of discipline are enforced. Students who after a year's trial shall be found not to develop the faculty which led to their original entrance, will be liable to be discontinued as pupils.

The subscriptions, last week, included one hundred and thirteen individuals, and amounted to three thousand six hundred and twenty pounds of capital, and three hundred and forty-four guineas per annum.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A POET'S SONG.

Oh! say not that my harp should wake  
To aught but passion's sigh;  
Or that I should not worship, Love,  
With such idolatry.

Go bid the rose turn from the sun,  
Forget the sweet blue day;  
'Twill tell thee that its scent, its bloom,  
Exist but in that ray.

And thus my lute, when thou dost bid  
It thrill to love no more,  
Will answer thee—When love has ceased,  
Then is its music o'er.

My heart has echoed but one tone,  
The sigh that breathes for thee;  
And if that tone must be forgot,  
All song is gone from me.

A. O. U.

TO MISS FORDEN,  
On her Poem of Cœur de Lion.

Proudly thy Sex may claim thee, young and fair  
And lofty Poetess!—proudly may tell  
How thou hast sung the arms invincible  
Of Him, the Lion-hearted, in the snare  
Of Austria, as amid the sultry glare  
Of Palestine, triumphant—or the spell  
Of poor Maimoune—or the thoughts that swell  
When thrillingly the old remembered air  
Rings from the harp of Blondel—or the bright  
And gorgeous train of England's chivalry—  
Or, worthy of his kingly foe, the might  
Of Paynim Saladin. Oh, proud of thee  
Is Woman! proud of thy bold Muse's flight!  
Proud of thy gentle Spirit's purity!

June 10, 1822. MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

## HOPE: A FRAGMENT.

Of Hope departed is the weary strain.—

No more, the sweet theme of my humble song,  
Seeks she to gild the once propitious fane

That in my heart she cherished so long;

O, "bright Enchantress," thy ill-timed diad'm

Doest grieve me more than all my cruel wrong!

Thy many-tinted arc's soft hues are flown,

And darkness dwells o'er the long "vale of tears;"

The fruitless view of "brighter scenes," that shone

Upon thine own horizon, disappears:

And the sad wretch at last is left alone,

To weep the waste of his declining years.

Youth—manhood—past—and age now quick arriv—

And still the bitter cup has come to drain; [ing,

Still 'gainst the stream of Fortune hardly striving,

When bent by misery, and rack'd by pain!

Ah what avails it any longer living?

When, spite of all endeavours, life is vain!

Unknown that cup of sweets which poets borrow;

Or only known but to be dashed away

From feverish lips, with a peculiar sorrow

That leaves the heart to greater ill a prey!

'Tis done! I said—on my cold ear "the morrow"

Sounded. "Enchantress!" bear'st thou still thy  
sway?

Hope comes again; but not in tresses bounding,

Her radiant garments floating in the air,

Her ministry o'er hill and dale resounding,—

In sober guise she comes to check Despair:

With solemn measure, still with grace abounding,

She points to Heav'n, and whispers, "Now  
look there!"

I hail'd thee, "Goddess," in my earlier days,

Fond Patroness;—be now to God all praise.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## A VISIT TO Fonthill Abbey.

The interest attached to the sale of effects announced at Fonthill Abbey, the grandeur of that structure, the magnificence of its furniture, and the distance at which public curiosity has hitherto been kept from its sealed precincts, induce us to hope that some account of a visit to it will be gratifying to those whom circumstances prevent from availing themselves of the new liberty to inspect its internal treasures, and perambulate its extensive demesne.

Fonthill Gifford, so called in contradistinction to the adjoining manor of Fonthill Bishop, was at the period of the Domesday-survey, held by the ancient family of Gifford;\*

\* In 1285, Sir Osbert Gifford, knight, (probably a descendant from Osbertus) was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for stealing two nuns from the convent at Wilton, but was absolved on the following conditions: That he should not again enter into a nunnery or be in the company of nuns; that on three following Sundays he should be whipt in the parish church of Wilton, and as many times in the market and church of Shaftesbury:—that he should fast a certain number of months, and not take upon him the habit or title of a knight, or wear any apparel except of a russet colour, with lamb or sheep skins, or return into his military order;—and that he should restore the nuns to their convent to undergo the like conditions. All which he bound himself by oath to do; the bishop of Salisbury prescribing the mode of his fasting till he had served three years in the Holy Land.

from whom it passed into the possession of the Wests (Lords Delawar,) and successively through other owners, including Bradshaw during the inter-regnum, and the Cottingtons before and after the restoration, till it was purchased by William Beckford, the ancestor of the present proprietor, and famous in the records of the City of London for a bold remonstrance which he is reported\* to have delivered to the king in the year 1770.

Mr. Beckford possessed immense estates in Jamaica, and was twice Lord Mayor of London. At the time of his death, his son, the present proprietor of Fonthill, was a minor. Succeeding to almost boundless wealth,† endowed with an extraordinary mind, with an exquisite taste for the Arts, with literary talents of the highest order, in short, with genius perilled only by the measureless power of gratification which riches offered, the young Owner of Fonthill commenced his career. Alderman Beckford, in the plenitude of his fortune, had, when the former mansion was destroyed by fire, built a noble house in the grounds to the right of what is now the entrance-gate on the London road, and fronting a fine basin of water, agreeably to the fashion of that time. But this noble residence fell far short of the ambition of his successor, who ordered it to be demolished, and, with a profusion probably unexampled in the history of a private individual, commenced the superb design which now receives, as it always attracted, the admiration of the country.

But we shall (at least for the present) lay aside the history of the building, which, according to loose calculation, cost four hundred thousand pounds,‡ and invite the readers of the *Literary Gazette* to accompany us in a survey of the place, as at present exposed to the rude gaze of the public at the admittance-rate of a guinea for a Catalogue and ticket, at first procuring entrance to one, now to two.

Passing through an arched Gateway, designed by Inigo Jones, in a classical yet rustic style, with a grotesque head in the centre of the arch, the visitor enters the old park, and, traversing that, the inner grounds, which are about seven miles in circumference. These are so ingeniously laid out, that a ride of twenty-seven miles may be enjoyed without retracing a single path or walk into which they are arranged, each with characteristic differences of tree, shrub, and flower, from the hardest British plant to the rarest exotic.

At the Gate into the Inner Grounds, which are encircled by a stone wall and chevaux de frise, the tickets are used; and having already admired flocks of swans and of tame wild-ducks, and other aquatic birds, the visitor begins to tread the sanctum

\* We say reported, because if we are not misinformed, the speech was Wilkes's, and not Beckford's, though inscribed on the monument of the latter in Guildhall.

† We have heard that when a young man in Italy, his income exceeded 90,000*l.* per annum.

‡ The same authority states, that the four hinges of the great west door cost 1500*l.*, and weigh more than a ton!!

sanctum of the Abbey. The drive is a broad gravel road, with green alleys branching off in every direction between the dark firs of the plantation. This brings us to the southern front of the Mansion; but as there is no entrance on that side, the carriage sweeps round to the grand Western Door.

This is really a triumph of architecture—a glorious specimen of Mr. Wyatt's abilities and of modern Gothic.\* There is no point of view in which its exquisite proportions do not please; and whether contemplated from under its pointed arch, or from any part of the fine rising avenue which extends from it for three quarters of a mile through the grounds, it is equally an object of delight and admiration.†

This is the entrance to a Hall (68 feet by 28.) worthy of its style and beauty. The roof, nearly eighty feet high, is of oak, appropriately divided into panels, and adorned with shields in the old baronial manner. The light comes from three Gothic windows of painted glass on the right, of a cathedral character, and shedding a mellow lustre on the upper part of the superb flight of steps by which you ascend to the great Octagon. The lower steps are in broader day from the door-light, and the coup d'œil here is indescribably fine. The magnificent opening, by its Gothic associations rather than by its natural effect, seems to throw one shade upon the air-tint of the lawn; and the eye rests upon the gradually but slightly deepening tone of the ascent, till it rests upon the clustered shafts in the Octagon which support the principal tower. These are tinged with rose-colour from the hue of the windows, whose light is thrown upon them; and the whole resembles a magic palace more than any abode of luxury which we ever saw contrived by human art. Indeed this is one of the most peculiarly striking interior views of Fonthill; and visitors will do well to remember the old advice, and pause on the threshold. On the inside of the Hall, above the great door, is a Music Gallery, with an appropriate screen-work of stone, and over it a small Gothic window, with a Madonna and Child of stained glass. On the right and left of the landing, at the top of the stairs, are two arched recesses, in one of which is placed four paintings illustrative of the history of Tobit, by Stothard. This location, as it is a dim one for vision, was also, we presume, a temporary one, as the pictures seem arranged for a chimney-piece. They are charming compositions, not inferior to any by the Master, and were, we observed, lotted for sale. In the opposite recess is a gorgeous chest; but these sights are rather taken on returning than on entering, for the attractions of the Octagon, into which a lofty arch (corresponding with the door below) admits the visitor, are such, that few can delay their footsteps from its contemplation.

\* It forms the frontispiece to Storer's description of Fonthill, 4to. 1812, where it is accurately engraved.—*Ed.*

† As we have directed an Engraving of Fonthill to be prepared for a future (we trust our next) Number, we shall not now dwell on the exterior details.—*Ed.*



Of this glorious apartment we cannot do better than copy Mr. Storer's description:

Between the piers of the octagon, which are composed of clustered columns, bearing eight lofty arches, are four pointed windows of beautifully stained glass, copied from those of the celebrated monastery of Batalha, in Portugal; the other four arches that support the tower are the openings of the galleries, the entrance to the great hall, and another arch built up: this latter is reserved for the entrance to the chapel intended to be erected on the eastern side of the Abbey. The arches that have no place of egress, five in number, are hung with curtains, at least fifty feet high, which, concealing the termination of the building, give an idea of continued space: the light emitted through the painted windows of the octagon, presents a most enchanting play of colours, and the effect produced by the sombre hue of twilight, contrasted with the vivid appearance at different hours of the day, is indescribably pleasing and grand. Above the eight arches is an open gallery that communicates with the higher suit of apartments; from this springs a beautiful groining of fan-work, supporting a lantern, lighted by eight windows richly painted; the whole is finished by a vaulted roof, the height of which is one hundred and thirty-two feet from the ground.

Nothing more splendid than this chamber can be conceived; and whether viewed from its base or from the corridors above, it presents a noble impression. Standing in the centre, and looking east, we command a delicious view of the green walk already described; behind is the receding arch (surmounted by the Organ Gallery and corresponding with the Music Gallery at the entry,) which leads into the Cabinet Room and a suite of other rooms; on the left is St. Michael's, and on the right King Edward the Third's Gallery, two of the most stately and interesting apartments that can be imagined; the former filled with the choicest books and a few articles of vertu, the latter also employed as a library, but enriched with a much greater number of choice and curious productions, and terminating in an Oratory, unique for its elegant proportions and characteristic consistency. It is at once rich and luxurious as the temple of which it forms an appendage—sombre and soothing as the religious feelings with which its designation associates it require. Here

"Retire, the world shut out;"

It is but the drawing of a curtain, and not only all the glitter of the adjoining splendour, but all the pomps and vanities of the world, seem to the meditative mind to be excluded for ever. Perhaps its pensive cast is more deeply experienced from the immediate contrast: dazzled with objects of useless show, fatigued with the examination of rare and costly commodities, and bewildered with the multitude of precious devices which every where surround us, the soul retires with tenfold delight within the narrow walls of the little Chapel,

Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns.

This Oratory is approached by a short vaulted Gallery, a continuation of King

Edward's, of which the descriptive publications correctly say, it is

—wainscotted with oak and ribbed with deep mouldings, partly gilt and partly coloured; the floor is entirely covered with a Persian carpet of the most extraordinary size and beautiful texture. This gallery receives a glimmering light through six perforated bronze doors, modelled after those of Henry the Fifth's chantry in the Abbey of Westminster. These doors are hung with crimson curtains, which increasing the solemn gloom, aid the effect of the oratory.

The Oratory itself is formed of five sides of an octagon. The roof is entirely gilt, in a grained pattern, which renders it wonderfully rich without being unappropriately gaudy. A golden lamp was suspended from the centre, and external light is sparingly admitted by two lancet windows, of stained glass. The Altar, and a statue of St. Anthony, by Rossi, are at this time removed, and several rich cabinets or chests supercede the holy emblems.

From this Chapel to the southern end of the Gallery on the South, the measurement is three hundred and thirty feet.

On Tuesday week, the number of visitors, from almost every part of the kingdom, amounted to 150; but having described the larger features of the scene, we shall at this convenient place break off, and resume in our next *Gazette* the details of what was presented to their view in the interior.

#### WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. VIII.

US THREE.

"What wine is this, Ephraim?" said the Doctor, holding the glass towards the window.

"Bas-sac, some I had sent to me—a present. Do you not like it?"

"Hem—um—im—why—yes—it is a pretty wine enough."

"Ah, Docthor—Docthor," said Mr. \*\*\*\*\* (a very old and excellent Irish friend, who I had invited to meet the ancient Cantab,) whom we familiarly called the *Counsellor*, as he had formerly studied for the bar—to which he never was called. "Ah, Docthor, your *alma mater* suckled you with such epicurean wine, that there is no drawing a cork to your taste."

"Nay, nay!" said the Doctor; "there is no white wine comparable to genuine old sherry, to my taste—so there, Counsellor, you are setting off with a wrong case."

"Well then, Docthor, let us set it right again, for I am of your opinion; moreover, that is the king's taste, too, as I am told, for I never had the honour of sitting at table with his Majesty."

"What!" said the Doctor, "does the King prefer sherry? Then, God bless his Majesty;" and tossed off his glass of Bas-sac.

"No, Sir, I am no epicure—I am very constant in my tastes—I never change my friends—though, Heaven have mercy on me! they have all—all nearly left me!—all the old stock! I am constant to sherry and port, and they are the better for being old—and my man tells me they are dying off, too.

And, lo and behold, I never change the cut of my coat."

"Well, Doctor," said the Counsellor, "how have you been entertained at West's Gallery?—I have not seen any of his works for some years, excepting his *Death on the Pale Horse*, at the old Royal Academy Room in Pall Mall. Ah, how time steals away. I have a distinct recollection of all the leading pictures that hung on the walls of that room—the first Royal Academy Exhibition, and that is more than 50 years ago. Wait—let me think, there were two, a larger and a lesser room—ah! and now behold! these very rooms, butressed up, going fast to decay, like myself; the lease almost expired. Well do I remember the King and Queen going thither in their sedans, with the royal footmen in their state liveries, and the maids of honour, sweet creatures, middle-ti-noddle, in their sedans too, with a guard of beef-eaters—it was a pretty sight."

"By the bye," interrupted the Doctor, "that reminds me of what I missed in passing along St. James's Street on Sunday, and it has been puzzling my head ever since—it must have been the absence of the sedan-chairs. Why were are all these conveniences gone, Harcastle? I can remember when there were long ranks of them on each side the way, and the chairmen plying for fares, just as your hackney-coachmen at the present day. Yes, and at the same time, I remember all along the Arcade, in Covent Garden, stood chairmen to be hired; and that reminds me of a wager-dinner between Charles Catton and Paul Sandby: Charles would have it that the Arcade was the Peazza—every body calls it the Peazza—it is the Peazza Coffee-house, the Peazza 'tother thing—but you, Mister Sandby, are always setting every body to rights. Old Charles was a good sort of man, too," said the Doctor—"an ingenious man, indeed, but obstinate in opinion."—"I will refer you to Cipriani, who is an Italian," said Sandby, suppressing a smile.—"I do not want his opinion," said Catton.—"Or Carlini."—"I don't care a straw for Carlini."—"Or friend Wilson here," added Sandby, "who is an Anglo-Italian, and knows what a Piazza imports."

"Wager him a dinner, Charley," said Wilson.—"With all my heart," said Catton. The bet was made. "Well, now, I will settle the matter," said Wilson, who was an excellent scholar, and when in the humour very droll. "You are both wrong, gentlemen, it is properly *Peazzes*."—"I thought so by," said Catton.—"Now, Mister Positive!"

You may not know, gentle reader, that half a century ago ninety-nine persons per cent called this arcade *Peazzes*.

"Well," added the Doctor, "Catton was soon set to rights, and perfectly satisfied, but not until Wilson took out his pencil, and drew on the cover of a letter the square of Covent Garden, and wrote thereon *A Piazza*, or *Peazzes*, a square, B a covered way with arches in front—an *Arcade*. To which, in furtherance of Wilson's humour, Cipriani and Carlini set their hands and seals.

"Carlini was a humorist too," said the Doctor, "so addressing himself to Wilton the sculptor, who was a great bean, and wore a bag to the last—a sensible, gentlemanly man too—'Upon my word, Mistare Wilton, (shrugging his shoulders,) I am happee that we are making this mistakes in private. For

what shall the *curd of taste* think of a *Royal Academe of Arts*, where the learned members shall make the wager whether the mathematical figure of a *square*, shall not be proved to be an *arch*? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—excuse me, my friend, Mistare Charles Cattons, but this savours too much of roast beefs and plum-puddings, upon my varden!”

“Pray, Doctor,” said the Counsellor (for so I must continue to designate my old friend,) “Pray, Doctor, do you recollect the portraits by Sir Joshua, and what a sensation one, I forget which, caused among the connoisseurs?”

“I do,” said the Doctor, “it was a whole-length of a beautiful woman, a lady of quality, in a satin robe.”

“Yes,” said the Counsellor, “that picture was particularly noticed by the King; (I had the honour to be admitted to the private view, under the wing of Allan Ramsay) who, turning to her Majesty, observed, Here, madam, we have a portrait combining the richness of Titian with the purity of Vanddyke. His amiable countenance glowing with patriotic pride, feeling as a king should feel, proud of the native intellect thus displayed by his fostering influence. Indeed, I was told by a nobleman present, that his Majesty was heard to say to the Queen, This is a day from which I expect much national good: it wants but time to make my country the seat of Arts.”

“Well, Sir Joshua,” said her Majesty, I am eager to tell you that his Majesty has observed, This is a proud day to him, one of the happiest of his life.”

“I heard Sir Joshua say, after their Majesties had departed, that he was surprised at the King’s acquaintance with Art. His remarks were not simply those of a fine gentleman, who must be expected to have picked up some phrases on the *grand tour*; no, Sir, they were the observations of a sagacious and well cultured mind, educated at home, with perceptions of the executive difficulties of a rising school, and making allowances for defects with so judicious an observance, that one would have been led to think his Majesty had been an artist himself, and present at our councils.

“I should think, Sir Joshua,” said the King, “that it must be very difficult to arrange a collection like this, so as to do justice to all parties, for I should suppose that pictures of equal merit must frequently be mimical to each other by their opposite hues—the cold and hot doing mutual violence,” pointing to a picture of Wilson’s, a warm, glowing sun-set, and a cold green landscape of Gainsborough’s. “Those pictures, each merit a conspicuous place, but are better seen apart.”

“Certainly they were too near,” said Sir Joshua, after his Majesty was gone, “and we shall do right to alter their places.”

“Those horses are very finely painted,” said the King to her Majesty, alluding to some very fine Stubbs painted for the Duke of Portland; and with that delicate consideration with which he pounced upon every thought that could convey a compliment both to the patron and client, turned round to his Grace, who stood near Mr. Stubbs, and said, “I congratulate your Grace upon this valuable acquisition to your stud: Here you have some of the most beautiful horses in the world, which will cost little to keep, and which, the older they grow, will fetch your posterity a higher price. I hope, my Lord

Duke, our gentlemen of the turf will follow your example, for on such studs as these, the only bettings would be at the hammer of some future Christie, and the possessor would be sure to win.”

“Upon my word,” said the Doctor, “exactly like the old King—yes! how like! How good—how elegant the manner, and, as usual, wrapped up in his original *naïveté*. May heaven bless his memory, and bless his people (for they truly were his people—we were all his people) for his righteous sake!”

“Ah, worthy Doctor,” said the Counsellor, “we have names for many sovereigns and princes of old, Alfred the Great (or as my honest countryman have it, Alfred the Big,) Charlemagne, Robert the Devil, Philip the Fair, William the Bastard, Louis the Fat, Red-headed William, Long-shanked Edward, Crook-backed Richard, Charles the Martyr, and time will come when George the Third—will he not be cognomen’d *George the Good*?—Yes! to be sure he will!”

“But I further remember,” added the Counsellor, “how their Majesties were annoyed by my Lord \*\*\*\*\* the very epitome of a *diletanti* coxcomb. He would be talking of Da Vincis and Parmasans, of Del Piombos, Titianos, Raffael-os, and all the high sounding names, and obviously shut his eyes to the growing merits of our native school. His Majesty played with him, Doctor—aye, as a puss tosses about a long-tailed mouse, and did it so well, so skillfully, observe you, that the connoisseur wrapt in his own vain self—to be sure he was splendidly drest—ah, noblemen did not dress then as now, sure! like coachmen and postillions:—well, Doctor, this said lordling in his star ran from one Wilson to another, and said, ‘I have seen that ruin in Claude de Lorraine, and that temple in Poussin; this is certainly from the Italian school.’

“Yes,” said his Majesty, “I have heard that our ingenious countryman made pretty free with Claude’s buildings.”

“Most indubitably,” replied his Lordship, bowing very low.

“And borrowed largely from Claude and Poussin’s school too,” added the King.

“Without doubt—I am much obliged to your Majesty for that.”

“Yes,” said the King very coolly; “but that school was nature, my Lord!”

“O!” exclaimed the facetious Counsellor, rubbing his hands, “I think I see my lordling mouse tucking his long tail between his legs, and looking for a scape-hole.”

“How happened it that the King, so young a man too, and so little from home during his minority, could pick up this knowledge of the Fine Arts?” enquired the Doctor.

“Why,” said the Counsellor, “my old friend and countryman Baillie had something to do with it. He was a favourite of Duke William, the King’s uncle, and a consummate judge of hands. Baillie held a commission in the Duke’s regiment; and, having an early taste for the arts, he collected many cabinet pictures in Flanders for my Lord Bute; and was often at Saville House, where he had frequent opportunities of conversing with Prince George. Indeed, Lord Melcomb-Regis, Bubb Dodington that was, told me the young Prince was fond of paintings, from his childhood. Now, Lord Bute had great influence with the Prince of Wales, just at that interesting period when a youth of reflection begins to put on the man; when the mind, bursting the bud, dis-

plays at once a beautiful flower. Doctor, that same Scottish lord, who was so vilely assailed, so unrighteously abused, was he not the enlightening sun that opened this sweet flower—this royal rose?—whose odour dieth not, no—not even after death!”

“Lord Bute, then, was a connoisseur?”—“What was he not, which an accomplished gentleman ought to be? Sir, he taught the young Prince the knowledge of hands; his disciple was modest and acute, and there’s the secret out. The Royal youth was industrious, eager to acquire knowledge of every quality and kind, lost no time in the indulgence of vice, as too many youths of high birth have, alas! in all ages. In truth, Prince George had no evil passions to indulge; for, with a manly spirit that would have made him an Alfred, in Alfred’s days—he was another Alfred in his own.”

“Poor Gainsborough,” said the Doctor, taking up the subject, “how he used to delight to talk about the old King. Faith, I must alter my opinion touching Sherry, though,” sipping a glass of the best I had got, which was substituted for my friend’s Bas-sac. “Yes, I must sink Sherry, when I think of Gainsborough’s Hock—Mine fader’s Royal Hock, as Fischer used to call it. Come, papa, let us have one poddle, only one poddle more, papa, of mine Royal Hock. You must remember it, Ephraim,” addressing himself to me; “it was given to Gainsborough by his Majesty, when he was painting the portraits of the Royal children—Ah, boys! that was Rhenish indeed; such as was drunk at Elsinour, I suppose, in Hamlet’s time. Let me see, I think the King told Gainsborough it was near a century old. Well might a monarch, bibbing wine like that, bid ‘the kettle drum and trumpet thus bray out the triumph of his pledge.’

“Ha—ha—ha—Hardcastle,” said our Hibernian friend—“you see I was right—The Doctor yet, is he not an Epicurean?”

“Well, well, have it even so,” said the Doctor—then smiling, he went on. “That said Hock brings to mind a story which I remember poor Gainsborough’s telling with great glee, the very last time its racy flavour passed my lips. It related to a little bit of dry humour of that taciturn original, his son-in-law. Poor Gainsborough, it was not many months before his death, when I called upon him at Bath, and found him quite out of spirits, and amusing himself with a bit of sponge dipped in colour, which he dexterously held in an old-fashioned pair of silver sugar-tongs, dabbling in a landscape. He invited me to dinner; and in the evening plucked up his gaiety, and was entertaining as ever—But I perceived that his spirits were forced, and he was cautious in taking wine. I should tell you that he was always sparing of this Royal Hock, and only brought out a bottle on particular occasions. It was on this very evening, Hardcastle, that he made that delightful little sketch which hangs in my closet of worthies. That Cave scene, which you got old Kingham in Long Acre, he that made the Carlo-Maratti frames for the King’s Cartoons, fifty or sixty years ago, to put in a frame for me.”

“I do not recollect the circumstance,” said I.

“There—behold! this is the way—perhaps I am dreaming. Let us take a glass of wine, and compare notes, and try to find out whether we be awake. Now then, (rebbing his hands) do you not remember a little

drawing on a half sheet of wire-marked writing-paper—it was before your Bath post was thought of—which I told you my friend Gainsborough shadowed off in red wine, with two or three bits of cork cut like leathern stumps, such as youngsters used to draw the academy-figure with there at Whitehall—at the Duke's, where they are pulling down the house. And do you not further remember, that I told you he dried it by the fire, and touched it up with Italian chalk?"

"I do, I do—yes, it was a cave-scene, looking out upon a beach, with a boat and some fishermen, and a foaming surf dashing in."

"Ah! I thought I was not dreaming. See, Mr. Counsellor, how necessary it is to go carefully into evidence. But for this, I had been proclaimed superannuate—run away with by old age into dotage—dreaming—wandering—sliding into second childishness. Well, Ephraim, I will bring another witness into court."

"But I am satisfied, Doctor—your's is the better memory."

"But I am not," replied the Doctor.—"Sir, I am very tenacious of these matters. Know, then, that James Christie, who had a great regard for his neighbour Gainsborough, one day calling on me at the College, offered me a very pretty little Terburg for this sketch, or twenty guineas for me to purchase another sketch of his, which I refused. Old Stephen Gresse—you must remember him, Fatty Gresse—he had two very pretty Gainsboroughs—Well, Sir, he would have swapped them with me, and the Saint James's Beauty into the bargain; a sweet little head, to be sure, but that ingenious young man, Robert Benwell—But no, I would not part with it neither for love nor money. Surely there was a magic in his sketches that was never wrought by mortal before, nor since, a genius, or taste, or inspiration, call it what you will, that seemed nothing short of a gift from Heaven. Why, Sir, I do assure you, incredible as it may appear, this identical Cave scene, which Hoppner declared was the very soul of art, was rubbed in with a thimble-ful of Port wine, and the cork which had stopped the bottle that contained it, with the assistance of a few spirited touches with a scrap of black-chalk, was made when his active mind seemed entirely engrossed with the table-talk, and within the space of half an hour."

"What a pretty collection of chalk drawings I remember seeing some years ago at the Commissioners' room at Somerset House," said the Counsellor.

"What, Mr. Bindley's, I suppose, (observed the Doctor) for he collected every thing curious in art. Ah, what a connoisseur, what a virtuoso, was he; I question if we have another left who could fill his place. He was so liberal, so gentlemanly, so unostentatious of his knowledge too—so approachable, and such an authority in questions that interest us dabblers in antiquity—that his death was an almost irreparable loss to virtu. No—I do not know, take him for all in all, who is competent to succeed to his chair."

"No, Doctor, nor do I," replied the Counsellor.—"What an intelligent knot of gentlemen contemporaries in that office (the Stamp Office); I much question if you could have instanced four such, fortuitously congregated together as these, within one office, in all His Majesty's dominions. There were, Mr. Bindley—he was first commissioner; Captain

Baillie, I think he was next on the roll of seniority; then there was the Honourable John Byng; and lastly, Mr. Henry Mellish, father of that promising young man so well known on the turf. I say promising, for he had turned his back upon the follies of his youth, and became a steady man. Poor Henry! I remember him at Blyth, the handsomest noble-looking open countenanced fine figure of a boy I had ever beheld. Sir, how well he behaved on the Peninsula—he was brave as a lion—and had a pretty turn for the Arts. Yes, he sketched animals, particularly horses, with the dashing spirit of a master."

"Sure! I will never forget the delightful morning-gossiping of that very room. Yes, it was all delight. And what a view from the windows on a fair day, looking right with the spacious terrace for a foreground—a mighty fine site for a palace! Ah! these commissioners had enviable posts, sure, sitting at their ease, and taking their coffee and chocolate—O such coffee, as never was made but by Miss Forrest herself—the worthy dear!—and which made me fastidious of that fragrant exotic elsewhere."

"Sure, they were so well assorted too by the geni of good taste. My friend Bindley so recherché, and so bland! What did not Edmund Burke say of him!—Ah! there again was a great soul! I could bow at the very mention of his name—illustrious Burke! Then Baillie, so unlike to Bindley, yet so assimilating—a sort of Seville orange to the sweet, possessing quite an Irish heart—all warmth, all ardour. More I will not say, than that I loved my countryman. Then next, the amiable cynic, old John Byng, so called, though not so old, but well might have been spared, had it been Heaven's will, another fifteen years, and then been junior to that old mark at which I stand. Poor gentleman! Death placed the coronet\* on his worthy head, on his sick-bed, and held it fast, the tyrant king—nor quitted it, but tore it off again ere three sad weeks were passed. Mellish, he went before, right worthy man!—and Bindley, he that held the office first, so willed the Fates, departed last!—and I am left to tell the tale—"

"After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

\* The Hon. John Byng succeeded to the family title, Viscount Torrington, at his brother's decease, on his own death-bed.

#### THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Saturday last the King's Theatre concluded a brilliant season, of seven months' duration, with Don Giovanni. The house, notwithstanding the Royal desertion of the capital in the afternoon, was fashionably attended, and the performances went off with effect. On a review of the year, it appears that, with the exception of an opera of Rossini's, there has been little novelty in the musical department; the great exertions of the managers having been directed towards the dancing. In this branch they have produced a variety of talent, and the graceful, the agile, and the surprising, have equally contributed to the entertainment of the public. We are not prepared to say that we can altogether

approve of the ultra-pirouette style, which has chiefly prevailed; but as the Italian Opera House never has been a School for Morals, we have no occasion to make it a School for Scandal.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Thursday, the famous novel of Gil Blas submitted to a theatrical conversion at this House, and was produced as a five-act piece, under the denomination of an Operatic Drama, which is a sort of cousin-german to a Melo-drama. The novelty of the plan and the length of the performances were, we regret to say, more obvious than the success of the one or the entertainment of the other. The hero was personated by three actors, Miss Kelly, Mr. Pearman, and Mr. Bartley; and appeared in the first two acts of the age of seventeen, in the third of the age of twenty-five, and in the last two of the age of fifty-two. This conception is not bad; but to be effected, the same performer must play all the ages, and trust to the disguises of paint, dress, wigs, &c. for the illusion. In the present instance it was impossible to be deceived, and especially towards the conclusion to fancy that Miss Kelly had swollen into Mr. Bartley, when we saw the arch and individual Miss Kelly herself metamorphosed into a young girl, the daughter of Gil Blas. This exhibition created such a perplexity of relations and genders, that we were as much puzzled about identity as the honest Irish gentleman, of small and crooked body, though of large estate, who when his nurse and foster-mother welcomed him home, d-d her for an old —, and swore that if she had not *changed him* in his cradle, he would have been as tall, straight, and good-looking a person as the generality of his countrymen. Another great defect also in the last two acts is, that having departed from Le Sage, the dramatic author (we speak in his own fashion) makes Gil Blas too wise. He alters his character as much as his person; and he who sets out by telling us that he will at least lead a merry life, exhibits himself as the most didactic, lachrymose, whining gentleman of fifty-two that ever drowned the Stage with his tears, after saturating a white cambric handkerchief. Surely to have been in keeping with the rest, the dramatis personæ introduced for the ending should have been lively, and the plot a merry one, instead of the crying common-place adopted. A Miller of Mansfield's king, and a dashing finale of frolic and humour, were absolutely indispensable to carry off the wearisomeness of the middle act; and we strenuously advise the author to withdraw his Opera, and remodel it on this footing. Otherwise it will not do; for people go to the theatre to be amused, and not to sit out long flat scenes, scene after scene, as if they were travelling over Salisbury Plain on the top of the slow coach. The first two acts, in which the adventures of Gil Blas with the robbers are embodied, are, on the contrary, pleasing and amusing. The jests and bon mots with which they are besprinkled, are appropriate, and excite laughter; and the cave of the Banditti is admirably contrived. Afterwards, the jokes put into the mouth of (Pearman)



Gil Blas are not only worse in themselves, but out of place. They are of the smart genus, which has seasoned the Farces brought out at the theatre, and ought not to be transferred above a sphere where they are so suitable. Upon the whole, we hardly think that the promised curtainfalls of Gil Blas can render it a popular favourite, without some such modifications as we have suggested. The music by Mr. Moss is very mediocre (a quartetto in the third act is the only composition worth noticing,) and the words of the songs are on a par with the music; the chief difference is, that the accompaniments are all level, and the language remarkable for irregular attempts at poetry, bedevilled for rhymes, and confounded with metaphorical images that do not hang together.

The performers exerted themselves greatly; but when the curtain dropt at 20 minutes to 12 o'clock, the yawns predominated. Abridgments being promised, however, the piece was announced for repetition with applause. We subjoin the prettiest Song, which was prettily sung by Broadhurst.

I will wreathe a bower—a fairy bower,  
Of greenest thoughts—I will wreathe it well,  
And deck it with feelings all in flower;  
And thither my love shall wend and dwell.  
Oh! she shall live in that hallow'd spot,  
By the cold and common world forgot.  
There life shall be like one summer hour;  
Not a bud shall drop, not a leaf depart;  
No wandering airs can destroy the bower  
That glows with the roses of the heart.  
Oh! she shall live in that hallow'd spot,  
By the cold and common world forgot.

**FRENCH ACTORS.**—Even the outskirts of London have more liberality and politeness than Paris and its illuminati. We have the annexed from a Correspondent:—"The company of French Comedians, who have since May been performing at the West London Theatre, closed a successful season on Thursday night with *Le Diner de Madelon*, *Monsieur Champagne*, and *La Somnambule*; when the performers having, at the falling of the curtain, omitted to follow the custom prevalent among us of taking leave of the audience, Mons. Laporte, Madlle. Adeline, &c. and Mons. Cloup, the Manager, were loudly called for, and at length appeared. M. Laporte now in a feeling manner returned the thanks of the Company for the kindness shewn them; and they retired amid the enthusiastic cheers of the audience."

#### VARIETIES.

**Sir Christopher Pegge.**—The Regius Professor of Physic at the University of Oxford died on the 3d in that city. He was a man much esteemed, though the honours of knighthood which he enjoyed were sometimes the theme of College jest. We remember one instance:—when it was asserted that Sir Christopher was absolutely taken ill in consequence of chagrin at his Tailor, the Mayor, being raised to the same dignity on presenting a loyal address. Some one asked, "Why, what is the matter with Sir Christopher Pegge?" To which a wit

replied, "Oh, Sir, he is quite sick of the (K) night Mare!" Dr. Kidd is his successor.

**Poets.**—The rage for poetry is not confined to England. The French Academy having offered a premium for the best poem on the devotedness of the French Physicians, no fewer than a hundred and twenty-seven Bards have sent in their productions for the competition. The Critic for the Academy has no sinecure.

There have lately been published at Leipzig "Accounts of the present State of the Protestants in Hungary, by Gregory Berzeviozy." This book contains the most scandalous facts respecting the distressing situation and persecutions of three millions of Protestants in that kingdom; and contends that nothing but the powerful interference of the King (the Emperor of Austria) can relieve them, and restore them to the peaceful enjoyment of their legal rights.

For some years past there have been at Orenburg, in Siberia, Missionaries of the Scotch Bible Society, in order to disseminate the Scriptures among the Kirgese; but though they are printed in their own language, it appears from the latest reports, that these hordes are not much disposed to embrace Christianity.

There is preparing for the press, *Travels through the Holy Land and Egypt*, illustrated with engravings, by William Rae Wilson, Esq. of Kelvinbank, North Britain.

**O'Meara's Book.**—We were very sceptical of many of the facts in this work, the main stay of which is, that there are few persons to contradict them. It seems, however, that some contradictions are brought forward. In an extract in the *Literary Gazette*, on the subject of opening and reading the despatches of foreign ambassadors at his court, Buonaparte is made to say, that Count Bernstorff was implicated as one of those ministers. Now we are assured that Count Bernstorff never was ambassador at Paris during the reign of Napoleon, and that in fact he never saw that nobleman.

#### TO OUR NEW CUSTOMERS.

We have at New-year tides, and other set times, addressed our Subscribers as in duty bound, setting forth their affection for our labours, and our labours to requite their affection. It was a pleasure to us on such occasions to cast our glances East, West, North, and South, abroad and at home, towards all ranks from the highest to the lowest, comprehending, as we thought, every description of our almost universal readers. Finding, however, that our last week's lucubrations have procured us a new, numerous, active, important, and highly respectable class of customers, whose patronage we have heretofore overlooked, and whose favours we have ignorantly neglected, we feel ourselves called upon to address them in a distinct and grateful manner. Therefore,

To the Thieves, Pickpockets, Rogues, Vagabonds, Shoplifters, and others, the worthies of the City and Liberty of London, this comes greeting:

We humbly thank your Worships for the marked encouragement and flattering applause which you have begun to bestow upon the *Literary Gazette*; and for the avidity with which you have been pleased to buy up our Number containing a plate and account of that sublime mechanical in-

vention, produced solely for your benefit, and called *The Treat-Mill*. We assure your Worships that this machine is highly deserving of your serious regards. By a careful study of the print, and a mature perusal of its letter-press accompaniment, such of you as are learned enough to read, (and we hope such will also read it aloud to their less learned brethren,) may be able to ascertain the principles on which it is constructed, and the part which, in case of emergency, you may be invited to perform in giving it motion. It may thereupon occur to you, that when the steps taken to rise in the world are unsettled and irregular, one may toll a long while without getting a foot forward; and that Vice very nearly resembles a wheel in this respect, supplying merely a giddy tiresome round without profit, advance, or advantage to those who tread it. We have always commiserated squirrels when we saw them climbing up their whirling wires, fancying, poor creatures, all the while that they were getting up a tree for nuts! But how much more must the human creature be an object of pity, who is engaged in a like occupation, cheered by no hope of nuts, but saddened by the reflection, that he is undergoing the punishment of his crimes in an endless circle. Then there are many recollections to embitter this exercise. The very name of the *Mill* must remind him of his glorious apices; and the tinkling of the bell, enforcing pedanticism, will be a sad echo of his pot-house ringtons.

These thoughts, and no doubt many others of equal influence, will occur to your Worships, our new customers, upon this subject; and we shall rejoice if, by riveting your attention to it, we prevent rivets of a less agreeable kind about your limbs, and enable you to continue at large among our other readers. We pray you to remember, that it is the first step which tells, and that it will be hard to tell how many steps on the mill will follow; that according to another old saying, if you "give the devil an inch, he'll take an ell;" to which may now, for the first time, be added,—he will also give you a *Cubit*—of Ipswich measure.

All this good advice we owe your Worships for the number of *Literary Gazette* which you took off our publisher's hands last week; and further, we forgive those of your order, candidates for the Discipline Mill, who picked our pocket of the proceeds on coming out of the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday night, being fully convinced that such practices are carried on under the direct sanction of the Police of the Metropolis. Be warned, however, respected patrons, that silk handkerchiefs are, by a slight mutation, convertible into hempen cravats, and that for stealing sovereigns, the Mill is a very sovereign remedy.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Shakespeare's Portrait.**—One Correspondent accuses us of putting this Portrait in our last, and bids us "sing old songs, and burn the bellows." We assure him, were it our last breath, that it is no puff; but a bona fide account of a curious thing, which we are very curious to see before we pronounce upon its claim to authenticity. Another tells us of the Shakespeare forgeries by Forster, as if it had not been in our own *Gazette* that they were originally exposed; but it does not follow that Talma's Bellows belong to that man or rather caput factory. A third inquires what business the Bellows have with Wings; which a sight beyond our power to answer, though we can tell why they are without a noze; and dare to say, that if our quizzing friend's nose had been as often between the bars, he would not be in a much better plight. In fine, we know no more of the matter than we have stated; and protest to the suspicious world, that if we do not think the Portrait genuine when we see it, we will take the bellows and blow it up.

**H. T. W.'s Poem on Liberty** is not in our accepted drawer; and we cannot say whether it will ever reach that enviable receptacle from among the mass not yet sorted. Contributions which do not appear, disappear. The *Gleaner* shall hear from us immediately. The lines in a Thunder-storm have been in print some time, though we have not yet found room for them. Will *Salters* favour us with a call?

#### ERRATUM.

In A. B.'s lines last week, for love read love.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Fonthill Abbey (now on View).

MR. CHRISTIE has the honour very respectfully to inform the Nobility and Public, that on Tuesday, Sept. 17, and following days (Sunday excepted), he will SELL by AUCTION, at FONTHILL ABBEY, a part of the very valuable and costly FURNITURE of that magnificent structure, being those articles which are more particularly calculated to interest the Virtuosi from the great artists who, in some instances, designed them, or from their exquisite workmanship, or the curious in our national antiquities, from the personages eminent in English history, to whom they formerly belonged. Of the former class are most deserving notice, a table of Pierre Commenge, of the finest Florentine workmanship, with an oval centre of unassailed oak; perfectly unique, the entire slab about 9 feet long and 4 feet 6 wide, executed for the Burgundy Family, and other commodious and coffers of ebony and Italian Mosaics of the time of the Medici; two beautiful cabinets of architectural design, the one by Bernini, the other by Bouchardon, and enriched with figures modelled by that distinguished artist; superb sofas and commodious of the richest manufacture of silk; cabinets and tables of ebony inlaid with ivory, of Persian workmanship; Persian carpets, the largest known; a state bedstead of ebony and crimson silk damask, with a quilt formerly of Henry VII.; a rare cabinet executed for Henry VIII. from the Palace at Whitehall, the general design and the arabesques of which were furnished by Holbein; a set of ebony chairs from Cardinal Wolsey's Palace at Esher; two richly-carved and gilt robe chests of the time of James I. and a wardrobe and various cabinets of English oak, of ancient design, and the most costly and elaborate workmanship.

**LAST SUNDAY'S OBSERVER (Aug. 11.)** contained Nine Columns of Particulars of His Majesty's Departure for Edinburgh, including the Preparations on the River—at Greenwich—those made by the Lord Mayor—Description of the Interior of the Hospital—Arrival of the King at Greenwich—the Embarkation—Passing Woolwich, Greenwold, and Southend.—The Observer of Sunday, August 16, will continue the particulars of His Majesty's Voyage—Arrival at the Frith of Forth, Landing, &c. The Price of The Observer is Sevenpence.—A Monday Edition of The Observer is published regularly, which is very desirable for Country and Foreign circulation.

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